

a private education by unfriendlythot

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Summary: Mileven AU. Mike is a rich, privileged high school junior who goes to Catholic boarding school, where he meets El, a less privileged, naive orphan who also goes to the school. Mike uses El's innocence and attraction to him to seduce and deflower her... Smut. Kinky. Porn WITH Plot. Don't like, don't read.

1. breakfast

A/N: Another mileven pure smut fic. Kinky, blowjob, exchange of bodily fluids. Don't like, don't read. You've been warned.

This is based off of a longer, multi-chapter fic that I have an outline of that I want to write. It will be an AU mileven with heavy smut but with plot. Basically, in this AU, Mike is a rich, privileged kid who meets El, a less privileged and sheltered orphan, at his boarding school. Mike is pretty OOC in this AU because I like dominant Mike, and he basically uses her naivety and attraction to him to seduce her and deflower her. This one-shot is based off the middle of that AU, when Mike takes El home for Christmas vacation at his parent's house, because she's a poor orphan with no where to go for Christmas. El tries to resist Mike's advances, but as you will clearly see, she can't.

El grabbed a bowl of cereal and poured some milk over it, setting it down and gingerly taking a seat at the breakfast table at the Wheeler's house.

She was the first one up, still so sore from last night, when Mike had relentlessly pounded her newly-deflowered pussy, and she winced a bit as she sat down. She was sure her pussy was sore and throbbing, but it hurt in a *good* way, and despite herself, she was already wet again, just thinking about last night and how Mike had fucked her tight little pussy raw, his hand over her mouth the entire time so she wouldn't scream and wake his parents up.

Speak of the devil.

El recognized the distinct sound of his footsteps as they patted down the stairs and into the kitchen.

"Morning," he said, so casually, as if he hadn't given her a creampie just a few hours ago and then watched as she fingered herself and licked the cum off her own fingers.

"Morning," she replied, equally as cool and casual. She fucking hated that he made her so wet.

"Hungry?" Mike walked over towards the breakfast table, but instead of sitting down in the spot next to hers, like she thought he was going to do, he remained standing, so that he was towering over her as she sat in her seat, staring up at him. Her face was eye-level with his crotch.

"Y-yes," El said defensively, gesturing towards her cereal. His eyes were boring into hers, and damn if she was gonna break eye contact and look at the bulge in his pants, like he was clearly trying to goad her into doing. "As a matter of fact, I am. I'm very hungry and I'm about to eat breakfast if you don't mind."

Mike glanced towards her sad little bowl of cereal, then back to her. His eyes looked her all over. "That won't fill you up. But I know just the thing that will." Without preamble, he freed his cock from his pajama pants. It sprung up at her, bobbing slightly, already thick and hard and leaking pre-cum.

Before she could catch herself, El licked her lips. She silently kicked herself and hoped he hadn't noticed, but one glance up at his smug face confirmed that he clearly had.

"I'm not interested," she lied. Whatever game he was up to, she wasn't going to fall for it. At least, she didn't think so...

"Come on, El. You know you want my cum. You were begging for it last night."

It was true. She always tried to resist at first, and El suspected that was what he liked best about her, that she put up a fight, but she always ended up begging for it anyway. *Please Mike, fuck my pussy, fill me with your cum, I want to feel it leaking out of me....* She had pleaded with him last night, *begged*.

"Mike," she hissed, trying to keep her voice quiet. "Your parents are gonna be down here any minute. What if they – what if they catch us?"

"Mom is always the first one up, alarm clock at 6:00am on the dot. Then, she goes for a 15-minute shower before coming downstairs for breakfast. Like clockwork, every time." Mike glanced at his watch, his

hard cock bobbing in front of her face the entire time. "So, that gives me about 10 minutes to fuck your mouth and cum before she joins us. What do you say, El? I think we can do it."

"N-no..." El started to say, but she was stopped by Mike's hard cock pressing up against her face, her lips. He started to rub himself against her face, grinding his cock on her.

Just shove him away, a part of her said. Just scream. Just say no and scream and Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler will come running down to your rescue.

She didn't do any of that, though. Instead, El made a little whimpering noise, looking up at Mike pitifully in defeat before greedily starting to lick on his waiting cock, like she was the messiest little girl with a big lollipop.

"Oh fuck....yeah, just like that, El," Mike sighed, closing his eyes as she slurped and slobbered all over his dick. "You love taking my cock, don't you?"

Mike started thrusting lightly into her mouth. El bobbed her head forward eagerly to meet his thrusts, relaxing her jaw just like he had taught her so that she could take all of him in.

She hated herself for it, but it was true, what he said. She loved taking his cock. Anywhere, any of her holes. His cock fucking her mouth made her mouth water all over, slobbering messily all over his dick, her saliva dripping down onto his balls as they slapped against her chin, dripping down onto the kitchen tiles underneath them.

He was really fucking her mouth now, El was hardly moving anymore, just trying to keep her mouth and jaw as relaxed as possible to take him in as deep as she can and keep herself from gagging on his fat cock as it slammed repeatedly against the back of her throat.

Mike took control, as he usually did, his hands gripping the back of her head, pulling roughly at her hair as he thrustled frantically into her mouth.

It was all getting a bit too much, and El was still new to all of this, too. She was trying her best, just like he had taught her, but still, her

eyes started to water. His cock kept relentlessly hitting the back of her throat, over and over again, and she cried out but her cries were choked off by his cock, mercilessly fucking her mouth, slipping and sliding past her plump lips in and out, in and out.

Just when El thought she couldn't take it anymore, Mike abruptly pulled out.

He was coming, thick spurts of hot, white cum shooting out from his cock and El wanted to slurp it all up, wanted him to shoot it all inside her wet and swollen mouth, but he was aiming it elsewhere, he was aiming it inside her cereal bowl.

He emptied all of his thick milky cum into her cereal, both of them panting harshly. Mike trying to catch his breath from coming so hard, El trying to catch hers from nearly 10 minutes of choking on his fat cock as it ruthlessly fucked her soft wet mouth.

"Eat it."

"Wh-what?" El glanced up at Mike, wiping a mixture of his precum and her saliva off her mouth and chin.

Mike tucked himself back in his pants and nodded towards her cereal bowl, now filled with his cum. "I said, I want you to eat your cereal, El. Eat it with my cum, in front of my parents as they eat their breakfast. When you're done, I want you to excuse yourself to use the bathroom, and I want you to finger-fuck yourself in there until you cum, thinking about how I fucked your mouth and how you ate my cum in your cereal."

Before El could even think of a response, Karen Wheeler's voice greeted them from the top of the stairs.

"Good morning, you two!" The middle-aged woman said cheerfully as she entered the kitchen, completely clueless as to what had just happened mere seconds ago. "What a bunch of morning birds you are. Ready for breakfast?"

The next 20 minutes El spent painfully sitting around the Wheeler's breakfast table. Mike's father, Ted, soon joined Mike, El, and Karen at

the table. As Karen and Ted ate their eggs and toast, Mike munched on some Eggos and watched El silently as she did as she was told, obediently eating her cereal, like a good girl, slurping on Mike's fresh cum as his parents chirped on happily about the weather. He watched her drink every last drop from the bowl.

As El slurped on her cereal and Mike's cum, she was getting wetter and wetter with each spoonful. When she finally finished, El glanced at Mike before quickly looking away, then asked to excuse herself to the bathroom to go get ready for the day.

Mike watched her perky ass bounce up the stairs, knowing she was going to finger-fuck her slick tight, newly de-virginized pussy, all because he had told her to. She was such a good girl.

He gave it a few extra minutes, so as to not seem suspicious. After that, he too excused himself, and followed up after her.

He wasn't done with El and all her holes yet, not by a long shot.

A/N: If you want more, leave a review. Thanks for reading!

2. mirror

A/N: Set before the events depicted in "breakfast". Mike and El are living at their Catholic boarding school, where Mike has been sneaking into El's room almost every night in the girls' dormitory. He hasn't been able to convince her to have sex yet, so she's still a virgin, but he has persuaded her to let him fuck her in just about any hole that's not her pussy...

It wasn't until he had gotten out of the shower in the locker room that Mike noticed he had forgotten his running shoes at El's.

He'd never had much interest in athletics, not until his sophomore year, when he realized that he was pretty good at running. It didn't require much skill, just quickness and endurance, and long legs, which Mike had in spades. Over time, he found himself enjoying it, and it helped make his once awkward and gangly body toned and lean instead.

Every Tuesdays and Thursdays the track team would meet at 7, before first period, to go on a morning run. Mike liked to get there even earlier and run warm-up laps by himself, but it was all for nothing this time without his running shoes.

He headed back over towards his locker, towel draped over his naked lower half, about to put his clothes back on and head back to El's for the shoes, when he ran smack dab into her instead.

She was already in her school uniform for the day, the typical Catholic boarding school fair, which was to say, a white button-up shirt, plaid pleated skirt, and white stockings. Which was to say, hot as fuck.

"You're such a dirty little slut, coming to surprise me in the guys' locker room..." Mike couldn't help teasing her, getting a rise out of her, watching her cheeks flame up every time he called her a dirty little slut, *his* dirty little slut, knowing full well by now that those words made her pussy wet as well as her cheeks red.

"Shut up," she snapped at him half-heartedly, not even really trying to

fake being mad or turned-off anymore. Instead, she held something out to him, "You forgot your shoes."

"Thanks," he said, making as if to reach for them but grabbing hold of El's wrist instead. He pulled her suddenly flush against him, her hot little body pressed tight against his own, his knee in between her legs pushing them apart, his lips capturing her own, her mouth parting underneath the slide of his tongue against hers.

"Mike," El broke away, already panting lightly, "Your teammates..."

"No one comes in here before 7am except me," he replied, letting his towel fall onto the floor so that he was naked, grinding his already hard cock against the pleats of her Catholic schoolgirl skirt. "Speaking of cumming..."

He continued kissing her while walking her backwards towards the one spot where he knew he wanted them to be.

The giant, full length mirror at the back of the locker room.

It was perfect, he was facing the mirror so he could see everything, while El had her back to it.

Slowly, he unbuttoned her top and let it fall to the ground. He pushed the thin straps of her bra down her shoulders, exposing the creamy skin there. He started to lick and nip at her neck and down her shoulder, watching her wriggle against him helplessly in the mirror the whole time, grinding her little pleated skirt against his aching cock.

His hands snaked their way down to her ass, and he grabbed fistfuls of both of her soft ass cheeks over the skirt, while at the same time forcing her hips harder against his cock.

It wasn't enough though; he wanted skin-to-skin contact, so his hands bunched in her skirt, watching himself pull it up slowly in the mirror...and what he saw almost made him cum right then and there.

El's bare, round ass reflected back at him. At first he thought she wasn't wearing any panties, but then he saw the white cotton fabric at the top of the thong that dipped in between her ass cheeks and

disappeared, the thin white string swallowed up by her plump ass cheeks.

And her stockings. Her *stockings*. They weren't stockings at all, not proper ones like the school dress code stipulated, but white thigh highs that only looked like stockings once they were covered up by a skirt.

And there she was reflected back at him, wriggling and grinding against him, her exposed ass quivering in the white thong and the thigh highs squeezing her creamy thighs directly below.

"Fuck, El..." he couldn't take it anymore. "Take off your skirt," he demanded, not wanting anything to impede that perfect view right now.

El did as she was told, unzipping the pleated green skirt and tossing it off to the side.

"Now suck my cock."

She made a small whimpering sound against his ear, but didn't protest. She bent down, getting onto her knees, but he stopped her.

"No, not on your knees. Squat down on your feet and suck me off."

El got down and squatted in front of his cock, his body directly in front of her, requiring her to spread her legs wide, which spread her ass cheeks wide, too. With her ass cheeks forced apart by her position, the thin white string of the thong was now visible in her ass crack.

Mike watched himself in the mirror getting sucked off by El, squatting in front of him with her ass cheeks forcefully spread and the thong string quivering between her two fat mounds. Her ass jiggled lightly with the force of her bobbing up and down his shaft.

"Look at you, so eager to suck my cock with your slutty little thong and slutty little thigh highs. Finger yourself, El. Push your thong string to the side and let me see you finger that tight little virgin pussy."

El made a noise with his cock pushed halfway down her throat, it might have been a yes, it might have been nonsense, but she pushed the thin white string off to the side of her pussy like he'd told her to, exposing her virgin hole to him. Mike saw in the mirror that her pussy was already shining and slick, and he hadn't even touched it.

"Fuck...look at that wet little pussy, sucking my cock makes you that wet, huh?"

El moaned in response and started to finger her pussy like Mike wanted, playing with her clit before moving down and sinking two of her delicate fingers into her own slippery pussy. The thong string was gripping her ass cheek tight as she finger-fucked herself, her fat round ass jiggling with the force of El fucking her own pussy with her fingers and Mike fucking her mouth with his hard cock.

He started thrusting into her, harder and faster, loving the feeling of her throat constricting around the head of his cock and the picture in the mirror of her bobbing on his shaft while squatting with her ass spread wide open in a fucking thong.

In the mirror he could see that she had made herself so wet sucking his cock and finger-fucking herself that her gooey pussy juices were dripping onto the floor, making a small pool of El's wetness on the tiles directly underneath her swollen virgin pussy.

"Ohh...ohhh... *ohh!*" El moaned onto his hard cock, making delicious vibrations in her throat where his cock was slamming repeatedly; she was fucking her pussy vigorously now, and Mike could see the undeniable twitch of her pussy lips as she started to make herself cum.

The image of that and the feeling of forcing El to deepthroat his cock sent him over the edge. Mike spurted thick strings of his sticky cum into her mouth at the same time as El was cumming, forcing himself all the way inside her mouth to the hilt, his balls on her lips, emptying all of his cum down her throat.

"Fuck, El..." Mike was panting almost as hard as if he had actually gone on that run, falling back onto a locker bench, his cock falling out of her throat with a wet plop. A thick string of his cum and her

saliva trailed from his cock head back to El's mouth, and El eagerly slurped that up too, leaving him clean.

El licked her own fingers clean as well, then picked up her skirt, putting it back on and obscuring the view of her plump ass in that thong, much to Mike's displeasure. "I better get going before your teammates get here."

"Wait." He grabbed her wrist before she could take off, and whispered in her ear, "I don't want you eating anything but bananas, broth, and rice today. Understand?"

El's face scrunched up in confusion at that. "Why?"

"Because I told you to."

El made that little whimpering noise she always did when he took charge of her. The sound alone made his cock twitch and harden, despite having just unloaded a bunch of cum down her throat mere minutes ago.

"Be a good girl and do what I say." He gave her ass one last squeeze over the skirt before sending her off for the day. "I'll see you tonight, El."

A/N: I will be uploading the events immediately following after this (when Mike says he'll "see her tonight.") Any guesses as to what he has in mind for her based on what he told her to do for the day? XD Reviews keep me motivated to keep uploading, thanks guys!

3. punishment

A/N: Takes place the night of the events in "mirror." As always, there be smut ahead, and it's pretty kinky too. Some S&M stuff ahead, I don't like actual non-consensual stuff so I tried to make it clear they're sort of roleplaying the questionably consensual parts. Don't like, don't read.

A/N 2: I've decided instead of doing a traditional, multichapter fic that starts from the beginning and progresses linearly in time from when they meet to the end, I'm just going to do a series of smutty (with some plot) vignettes of this AU at different points in their timeline. It won't go in a linear order, but hopefully by the end, you can piece it all together and if you read it by the correct timeline order then it will be like a traditional, multichapter fic. It's just easier this way since I've already started, and if I can jump around a bit it will help me from getting bored and abandoning this fic. I will always indicate in the Author's Notes what part of the timeline the one-shots are taking place (aka before El's lost her virginity, after she's lost it, when they first meet and start to hook up, etc).

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When she came back to her room that night, he was already there waiting for her.

It wasn't hard, sneaking into her room. He had had plenty of experience doing that with all the girls before El. Sometimes you could sneak in a window, sometimes you sweet talked a dormmate to let you in or look the other way, once he had been caught by the prefect of one of the girls he had been fucking, so he just made her cum, and afterwards the prefect didn't mind him breaking the rules to visit anymore. In fact, she had wanted him to um, *come* even more after that.

El seemed startled to see him, even though he had told her that morning that he'd be paying her a visit. It seemed that she had just gotten back in from a long school day, still in the Catholic school uniform she had on when she had sucked his dick earlier, which was exactly what Mike wanted.

"Mike! Gosh, you scared me." El huffed, setting her bookbag down on her desk. "Ever heard of knocking?"

Without warning Mike grabbed her, pulling her into his lap on her squeaky single bed. "Why should I knock? It's after visiting hours, El," he hissed into her ear, easily flipping her petite little body over so that she was lying prone across his lap, her cute, juicy ass wriggling up at him. "And even if it wasn't, you're *mine*. That means I get to have you any time, anywhere. I don't have to *knock*."

El made a noise that was half a whimper and half a moan, causing Mike's cock to twitch to attention. She squirmed around in his lap some more, causing her ass to jiggle right in front of his face, the pleats of her skirt flipping up gently to flash him peeks of her creamy bare ass underneath.

"Mike...what are you doing?" El's voice sounded unsure, but she made no move to get up off his lap. It was what drove him crazy about her, the way she was so hot and cold, telling him no with her mouth and yes with her pussy. Mike was sure she did it on purpose just to make his cock hard.

"You were a really bad girl this morning, El," Mike said, slowly pushing the fabric of her skirt up to expose her perfect, round bottom. This time it was Mike's turn to let out a strangled moan when he saw that she was still wearing that slutty little thong, the one that had been soaked in her pussy juices from that morning when she had fingerfucked herself into cumming. "Oh fuck, you're still wearing it. You're such a dirty girl, aren't you? Making yourself cum in your thong and then walking around with it on all day, stained with your own pussy juice, rubbing against your little virgin hole..."

Mike pushed her skirt up all the way, not bothering to take it off this time, wanting to keep it on to see it bounce around and frame her plump ass. It made such a pretty picture, El sprawled face down across his lap, her bare ass up in the air, her skirt pushed up her ass, the white thong string disappearing in between her fat mounds, the thigh highs squeezing her parted thighs.

He gave her ass a hard slap, so hard he left a visible red handprint on the creamy flesh, watching her soft ass cheek bounce around from the

force of his slap.

"Ah!" El cried out, "M-Mike! What –"

He didn't give her a chance to finish what she was going to say, giving her ass another hard slap. "You put on this thong and these thigh highs to tease me, didn't you?" *Slap!* "To make my cock hard," *Slap!* "Didn't you?" *Slap!* "Admit it!"

"N-no! I ran out of underwear and these were the only clean pair left –"

Slap! "Liar!"

"No!" El mewled, wriggling around in his lap like she was helpless (she wasn't, and it made Mike's dick even harder knowing she was acting like this when there was nothing keeping her from simply getting up and getting away from him). All the wriggling only made her full ass cheeks, now pink because of Mike's merciless slapping, bounce around some more, "It's true! A-and the thigh highs – I can't afford the tights the school wants us to buy. I-I had to make do with these!"

Slap! "I don't believe you," *Slap!* "You're just a lying, horny, *dirty* virgin," *Slap!* "Practically begging me to fuck you, aren't you?" *Slap!* *Slap!* *Slap!* "AREN'T YOU?"

El was making sobbing noises, her head hanging off his lap like she was totally defeated. One look at her pussy though and Mike knew the truth. The white fabric of the thong that covered her petite pussy was soaked through. She had gotten wetter and wetter each time he slapped her ass.

Roughly, he ripped the thong string aside, completely exposing her hairless pussy to him ("I like to wax," she'd told him once, blushing after he had eaten her out for the first time, "It makes me feel lighter down there.") Her pussy was slick and glistening, so ready for him.

Without warning, he pushed two fingers into the swollen little slit, crudely shoving his fingers in and out, viciously finger-fucking her virgin pussy.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" El keened, crying out but taking it, her tight pussy clenching around his fingers, her juices getting everywhere in the frenzy of his finger-fucking, slipping down the palm of his hand.

All the while, he was staring at her plump, soft ass, squeezed by the thong string which he had violently stretched taut all the way across her left ass cheek. Her fat ass mounds bounced around wildly as he mercilessly fingerfucked her leaking pussy.

Fuck he couldn't take it anymore. He ripped her off his lap and threw her onto the bed, keeping her bent over on all fours while he took his place behind her.

"M-Mike?" El looked back at him, sounding unsure. Unconsciously, her thighs clenched.

She'd told him he could have her anywhere but her pussy. That she wanted to remain a virgin, for God, or marriage, or true love or some shit like that. Well, he wasn't interested in her pussy. At least, not tonight.

Mike spread her ass cheeks apart with his hands, staring down at her puckered pink asshole for the first time. "El, did you do what I told you to today?"

"Yes," she said without hesitation, "Yes, I only hate bananas, broth or rice, Mike. Am I a good girl?"

Mike somehow got even harder hearing her ask if she was a good girl. "No. You've been a very naughty girl. Teasing me with the slutty way you dress. I'm going to have to punish you, El."

As he said that, Mike pushed his cock head up at her soft little asshole.

El looked back at him again, and bit her lip. It was the sexiest thing Mike had ever seen, El sprawled in front of him on all fours, her ass cheeks spread wide, her pussy so wet it was leaking onto the sheets below.

"It's a good thing you did what I told you to do, though. You made your ass nice and ready for me to fuck it, because I'm gonna punish

your tight little virgin asshole. You're gonna take all of my cock in it tonight for the first time."

El whined and wriggled her hips around, but didn't try to move away. Mike started to push his cock forward but he realized with sudden dismay that El didn't have any lube in her room. Not that innocent El would know she'd need lube for ass sex, but it wasn't Mike's first time at the rodeo and he knew lube would definitely help, especially for a first-timer like El. They hadn't ever needed it before now; it wasn't hard to get his good girl's virgin pussy soaking and drenched and that was all the lube they had ever needed.

Unless –

Her slick pussy was so wet again, *always*, always wet for him. He dipped his aching cock down into the soft folds of her pussy, sliding it across her folds, stroking across them once, twice, three times, covering it in her dripping juices. Then he brought it down on her asshole again, smearing his cock all over it, transferring her pussy juices from his cock to her puckering asshole. He repeated the action a few times, enjoying how it felt and wanting to make sure El had all the lubrication she needed to take all of his cock into her ass for the first time.

When Mike was finally satisfied with how slick and slippery El's virgin asshole had gotten, he positioned the tip of his cock at the tight opening, pushing through slowly but firmly, hitching his breath at the feeling of her asshole clenching down hard on his cock, at the visual of his cock disappearing between her fat ass cheeks, bright red from the ruthless spanking he'd given her, her thong string squeezing the side of her fat ass, her white thigh highs and green schoolgirl skirt (the same one she wore to class, to Bible study, to pray during all-school Mass) framing her ass and pussy, the skirt bouncing around as he thrustled lightly into her tight asshole.

"Ah! M-Mike!" El keened, "I-I can't...I don't.... It's *big*...too big, Mike, I can't take it, ah! Ah! Please!" She cried out as he stroked in shallowly.

"Do you want me to stop?" He knew this was supposed to be her *punishment*, but he wasn't going to force her. Her pure and innocent act made his cock so hard, but that was only because it was an *act*. It

didn't make Mike feel good knowing he had to make someone do something they didn't want to do. He wanted her to want it, wanted her to want *him*, to beg and plead for it.

"I...I feel like I can't take it all, your cock is so *big*..." El paused, panting heavily, and then Mike felt her clench her asshole around him. "B-but...I want to. I want to take it all. I want my punishment. Give it to me Mike....your big cock...ah.." she wriggled around his cock again, trying to adjust, "K-keep going, Mike. Punish me. Fuck my tight asshole...please. Don't stop 'til you cum in my ass..."

Mike was only happy to oblige. He resumed his light thrusting, going deeper and deeper with each stroke of his cock, finally feeling her start to relax around him. Before long, he was hilted himself fully inside her soft pink asshole, his balls smacking crudely on her pussy lips as he sped up, thrusting hard and fast into her warm, tight ass, her red, swollen ass cheeks bouncing up and down with each brutal stroke of his cock.

"Yeah, take it El. Take your fucking punishment. This is what you get for always trying to get me hard. You get your virgin ass fucked. I'm fucking your own pussy juices into your tight ass. Can you feel that? Your ass has a cock in it for the first time and it's *mine*." He started to fuck her violently, so close to cumming, his balls coming into contact with her slippery cunt every time, hilted fully in every time. He snaked an arm around the front of her and frenziedly stroked her clit, her pussy so drenched that it made a sticky wet *Slap! Slap!* sound whenever his balls smacked against it. "My cock took your ass virginity and soon, I'm gonna - " *Slap! "fuck" Slap! "your" Slap! "virgin" Slap! "pussy" Slap! "too! Unhhhhh..."* Mike let out a strangled moan as he fell forward and collapsed on El, finally losing control and releasing all of his warm, thick cum inside of her asshole. There was so much, ropes and ropes of it releasing into her freshly fucked ass that Mike thought he might never stop.

"Ah! Mike! Oh fuck! Oh fuck, ohh...." El was cumming too, he could feel her pussy lips twitching against the hand that had been mercilessly rubbing her clit. As she trembled and shuddered underneath him, Mike finally came down from his own mind-blowing orgasm. He had spurted so much cum into her that El's asshole was leaking milky white cum that spilled back onto his own cock as he

pulled it out of her.

"Mike?" El asked, panting heavily, collapsing against his side on her narrow single bed. "Will you stay the night with me?"

Mike pulled her further into him and pecked a kiss on her shoulder, "Yeah." It was the nicest either one had been to the other since they'd first met, and Mike wondered at this new tender feeling that was burgeoning in his chest for her.

It was just because she'd just made him cum, *hard*, that was all. There was no way Mike Wheeler was actually developing feelings that didn't all belong in his cock for this girl.

No way.

Right?

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A/N: So I think one person guessed that it was gonna be anal sex based on his food restrictions for her (I guess we don't have a lot of bottoms in the mileven ship lol I'm kidding I actually had to google for myself to find out what bottoms usually ate before anal sex). Also, just wanted to add that this fic is supposed to be a fantasy of perfect, mindblowing kinky sex but IRL you should *definitely* use lube if you're gonna have anal sex (and be safe about it obvs)!

If you like and want more, leave a review! I have some free time this week so thats why I'm posting alot, but I expect to be alot busier soon. Reviews help motivate updates! Thanks!

4. tutor time

A/N: This is set the day after the events in "punishment." So that makes "mirror", "punishment", and this chapter in chronological order. I guess I did a mini-arc huh? The next chapter is 90% probably going to go out of order again. I don't want to write El losing her virginity just yet. I want to save that for later, I have a lot of ideas for them sexually exploring and the lead up to that. I may even do a time jump next time to after they've started having sex, but I'm not sure at this point.

I see a lot of you are into the whole jealousy thing, haha. I've got a few ideas for that, but I am trying to have a consistent plot/character arc for Mike and El, and the progression of their relationship, so any love rivals/issues in their relationship needs to make sense and work for their character arcs too. So we'll see for that, but I have a few ideas ;)

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"Okay, so if y equals $1/2x$ plus 185, and x equals 10, what is the value of y ...? El? El!"

"Huh?" El's eyes darted back to Mike's at the sound of her name, refocusing on the algebra practice exam. "Sorry," she said sheepishly, squirming around uncomfortably in her chair next to Mike. "What – what number are we on again?"

Mike caught her fidgeting and eyed her wriggling bottom with an amused look on his face. Their Wednesday tutoring session was nearly half over and they hadn't even gotten through most of the exam yet.

Most of the time, they were actually pretty good at keeping their sessions productive despite the fact that Mike had initiated a sexual relationship pretty much within the first week of becoming her tutor ("I'm your tutor, right? I'm supposed to teach you all sorts of things," he had said, as he stroked her clit and made her cum for the first time in her life during their fourth tutoring session), but today El really couldn't focus on the task at hand. She moved around in her chair

some more, trying and failing to find a comfortable spot on the hard wooden seat.

Mike raised an eyebrow. "Uncomfortable?"

El glared at him, feeling her cheeks grow hot with embarrassment. The smirk on his face told her that he knew exactly what all her fidgeting was about. "No...I'm fine," she lied. She hated that smug look on his face.

The truth was, her ass was sore and aching, and sitting anywhere, especially on that hard wooden chair, really hurt. And Mike knew exactly why, because last night he had slapped her ass cheeks red and then mercilessly fucked her virgin asshole until they both came. And now here he was, taking in her discomfort with pride and gloating.

"I just – maybe we can switch chairs? Mine feels weird."

"They're the exact same type of chair, El," Mike retorted, that smug, amused look still on his face. She wanted to slap it off of him.

"Fine." El got up. "Maybe we should end the session then. I just can't focus – you can go - "

"El, hey," Mike grabbed her by the hips and pulled her to him, placing a soft kiss on her stomach and gently stroking his hands over her ass. "I know. It's my fault. I was a little...." He pushed his hands up underneath her skirt and lightly ran them over her swollen ass cheeks "...rough. Your ass must hurt today, huh?"

"It's fine." El felt confused. Why was he being so nice all of the sudden? It wasn't fair; she really wanted to stay pissed at him. "It'll probably heal in a couple days. I just can't really...sit today. It hurts."

Mike scooted back from the desk and then patted his lap, looking up at her expectantly. "We've got thirty minutes left to finish these problems. That's plenty of time. Just...sit on my lap."

When he noticed the incredibly skeptical look on her face, he said, "Hey, it's better than that hard wooden chair, and you don't have any other seating arrangements in your room."

El sighed. Fine, whatever. Mike was usually pretty good about keeping their sessions on track once they had started hooking up regularly outside of tutoring hours, and El really did need to ace this algebra midterm.

She plopped down on his lap unceremoniously, no big deal, the quickness with which she did it causing her pleated uniform skirt to fan out across his lap, so that her panties were directly over the fabric of Mike's pants.

Oh shit. He probably thought she had done that on purpose or something. For a second she wondered if she should sit up again to readjust and push her skirt back down behind her, but then – what if that was just drawing attention to it? What if he hadn't even noticed –

"Okay, so if y equals $1/2x$ plus 185, and x equals..." Mike started to drone on again, his attention going back to the practice exam and El tried to follow along this time too. Good. He hadn't noticed.

"So we have to plug in the value of x to this equation..." El started, trying to work on the problem. Maybe Mike was right. It did feel a lot better sitting on his lap than on a hard wooden chair, and now that the pain was a lot less she could really concentrate better –

Then she felt it. It was only for a brief moment, like Mike was just momentarily adjusting himself on his seat. His hips had pushed up against hers and then relaxed again.

"X, um, x equals 10 so we plug it in here..." El continued. She was being paranoid. Mike had just fidgeted in his seat, that's all. "So $1/2x$ would be $1/2$ of 10, which is –"

She felt it again. The push of his hips against hers, his groin pressing itself to her core and then slowly retreating, only to push back up at her again. "Which is – five..." El tried to continue on, but it was definitely not her imagination anymore. In fact, he was now pushing up against her panties with such force that El was noticeably moving up and down on his lap, her breasts bouncing with his movements.

"M-Mike..." El closed her eyes, trying so hard not to lose focus. But it

felt good, his hardness thrusting up against the thin cotton fabric of her panties, putting pressure on her sensitive clit every time it did so. "What are you – what are you doing – oh!"

He pushed up against her again, not even bothering to hide it anymore, thrusting particularly hard and sending a shock of pleasure through her as his ever hardening cock briefly pressed up against her clit through the fabric of his pants and her panties.

"Shh...just keep doing the problem..." He thrust up against her again, "You're so –" another thrust "– close –" thrust "to solving it..."

But El had her eyes closed now too, it felt too good, and without realizing she was even doing it, El started grinding against him too, shifting her hips to rub her pussy back and forth along his hardness, trying to get the delicious pressure back on her clit.

El heard the brief clinking of his belt buckle and before she knew it his cock had freed itself from his pants and boxers and all that separated her pussy and his dick was the thin cotton material of her panties.

"Mike!" El tried to get off his lap but Mike's arm had wrapped around her waist, keeping her firmly in place. He shifted his hips briefly to the side to show her the dark spot on the crotch of his pants that the wetness from her aroused pussy had made and then went back to grinding his exposed cock on her panties.

"What? I can't let my pants get dirty from your pussy juices, El. It's not my fault how easily your pussy gets wet for me," he whispered in her ear.

With one arm still around her waist, keeping her from going anywhere, his other hand snaked down between where they were joined to position his cock exactly over the outline of her pussy lips through her panties. Then he started thrusting up at her, *hard*, so hard she was bouncing up and down with the force of it on his lap now, so hard that if it wasn't for her soaking wet panties his cock would be fucking her pussy and El wouldn't be a virgin anymore.

"Ah! Mike..." El keened every time he thrust, it felt so *good*, her

panties were thin enough that she could feel the outline of his cock as it pushed up against her, rubbing against her wet core.

Mike was nipping at the back of her neck, one of his hands had unbuttoned the second and third buttons of her shirt to reach inside, into the cup of her bra, squeezing one of her tits and playing with her nipples until they puckered and hardened.

She figured this was okay. As long as her panties stayed on, he wouldn't really be able to get inside her, and she could still kind of feel him, feel his cock as it pushed up into her wet pussy again and again and again –

Then she felt it, his knuckles brushing her pussy lips – her *bare* pussy lips – and she realized he was trying to push her panties to the side to put his cock inside of her –

"Mike, no!" El jumped up like she was on fire, Mike too preoccupied with getting his cock ready to push inside her pussy to keep her in his grip. He looked up at her, his hard cock still gripped in his hand, leaking pre-cum at the tip. She was panting heavily, still feeling crazy turned on, her tits spilling out of her pushed opened shirt. "I told you, I don't...I don't want to have sex."

"Sorry, I um, I got carried away." Mike was breathing hard, looking actually a bit remorseful. He patted his lap again. "C'mere. I won't – I'll leave your panties on."

El shook her head. It was too tempting. "No...it...it hurt my ass anyway. Sitting down like that." She hoped he would believe her lie. "Even sitting on you and not a chair."

"Okay then, no more sitting," Mike said, and before El could register what was happening, he was next to her in two strides, pressing her up against the wall of her room, his left hand gripping her thigh forcefully and pushing her right leg up so that her knee nearly touched her shoulder, leaving her legs and pussy spread wide open. He pushed his cock up against her panty-clad pussy, immediately resuming his brutal thrusting.

"Oh fuck! Mike! Oh!" She was helpless to resist him, his grip on her

thigh bruising, the force of his thrusts ramming her hips against the wall repeatedly, and she didn't want to resist him anymore, it felt too good.

"Fuck El, you have on your thigh highs again," he grunted in her ear, "Your legs look so fucking good pressed up against your body like that, spread wide open for me."

"I told you I couldn't afford the tights," El yelled against his shoulder, trying to hang onto him for dear life, letting him take complete control of her body. He was pounding into her panties so hard now that her other leg was being lifted off the ground each time he thrust, and she could feel the head of his cock, wrapped in the thin cotton fabric of her panties, push shallowly into her pussy, over and over again.

"Oh fuck, my cock is pushing your panties up inside your pussy, El. I'm ramming you so hard my cock is getting in there anyway, wrapped up in those thin pink cotton panties. If these panties ripped I would be fucking your virgin pussy."

Hearing him say it out loud, it was so naughty, she was basically being fucked but she wasn't, he was so hard for her his cock was finding its way into her pussy anyway, and the only thing that kept her from spoiling herself forever were these thin pink panties, now completely stretched out and soaked from her pussy juices and Mike's pre-cum.

"Mike, oh *fuck*, Mike!" El came hard, her pussy lips twitching and clenching down on the head of Mike's penis, the part of his cock that was pushing into her despite her panties. That must have caused Mike to cum too, because only seconds later he jerked against her and El's panties were suddenly flooded with a warm liquid, so much of it that it spread all the way to the back of her ass and dripped down her legs.

Mike finally let go of his painful grip on her thigh, letting her leg fall back to the ground. El's panties were completely soaked with Mike's cum, as if she had wet herself, but the panties had proven unusually durable, not having ripped or torn despite Mike ramming his cock into them over and over again. She was still a virgin.

Mike fell back onto the desk, breathing heavily, both of them trying to recover from their intense orgasms.

"Oh shit," Mike was tucking himself back inside his pants, "What time is it?"

El glanced at the clock on the wall behind Mike's head, "Oh, we ran over our session..."

"Shit. I had a meeting with Mr. Clarke about my final project right after our session. Fuck – I gotta go, El," Mike huffed, hurriedly pushing his books into his backpack.

"It's okay, Mike. You don't have to lie. You always leave straight away after.... Anyway. See ya next time."

Mike paused, and for a moment he looked like he was going to say something, but then seemed to think better of it. "Yeah," he said casually, "Later." Then he was out the door without looking back.

El looked at herself in her tiny full length mirror, all alone in her room. It was one of those cheap ones you found at Walmart or Target, and if you came at it from a certain angle, the reflection might look distorted or stretched out. But it was enough to get the job done for what she wanted anyway.

She still had on her thoroughly abused pink panties, now soaked in Mike's cum. El sat herself down directly in front of the mirror, and slowly watched herself peel off the cum-soaked, stretched out panties, revealing her bare pussy. It was soaked in Mike's cum as well, her pussy lips, inside and outside, glistened with a thin white sheen of his cum and El's own wetness. She dipped her fingers down to rub at her clit, looking in the mirror at how her bare pussy was covered in Mike's cum. It was such a naughty thought, she had to dip in two extra fingers into her pussy itself, watching herself finger her cum-soaked pussy, *Mike's cum*, imagining her fingers were Mike's cock sliding in and out of her cunt, thinking about how she had come so close to the real thing mere moments ago, the feel of the outline of the head of his cock repeatedly pushing its way inside her virgin pussy, over and over again. *Fuck* she wanted Mike's cock, she wanted him to fuck her pussy so bad, she pumped her fingers in her pussy

harder, wishing the panties had ripped, wishing he had just ignored her and torn them off and fucked her pussy raw so she could feel his hard cock stretch out her virgin cunt for the first time and – *oh shit* she was cumming again, all over her hand, her new wetness seeping out of her and mixing in with Mike's cum that still glistened on her mound and clit and the inner walls of her pussy.

She wanted him.

She wanted his cock so bad.

She didn't know how much longer she was going to be a virgin anymore.

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A/N: Thank you for the support and comments guys! I see you regulars out there ;) Please keep the comments coming they mean a lot to us writers!

5. helps the medicine go down

A/N: This is set after "breakfast" - after El has lost her virginity and after she has been on Christmas vacation with the Wheelers. Mike and El are now back at school after Christmas break.

I wasn't kidding when I said Mike is super rich in this AU. He's not just upper middle class like he is on the show, he's properly rich. It just makes the power difference between them even greater, which is hotter. Hope you guys enjoy!

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Ever since El had finally lost her virginity to Mike, they had been fucking like rabbits; it was almost non-stop, everyday, every time they found they were alone with each other they would end up having sex. It was like she was crazed, like after all that time of holding off and doing everything *but* let him fuck her pussy, once the deed was done, it was like El couldn't get enough of taking in Mike's cock between her soft, creamy thighs, into her constantly aching and wet slit, like it was the one thing El's tight and pink pussy was designed to do – be fucked by Mike Wheeler's hard cock.

They had fucked every chance they could get while El was staying at the Wheeler house (or, more accurately, mansion) over Christmas break. Mike and El still regularly snuck into the other's room at night, just like they did at school, sometimes Mike would take her for a drive around his hometown of Hawkins and afterwards they would fuck messily in his car, or in the Wheeler's outdoor jacuzzi, while snow gently fell around them, leaving gooseprickles on her shoulders and the tops of her breasts while her pussy was getting fucked in the hot water, or in any one of the giant bathrooms in the Wheeler house, where Mike loved surprising her in front of the full length mirrors, loved to make her face her own reflection and watch her own newly deflowered pussy take in his cock in again and again and again.

Now that they were back at school and the new semester had started, they hadn't had as much time to see each other as they did over break, though they still had sex every day, usually Mike sneaking into

her room at night or sneaking El over to his, and sometimes they could sneak off at other times, like when they had fucked in the study room of the library, or when Mike had somehow found El on a bathroom break during fourth period and ate her out in the girl's bathroom.

They had been having a lot of sex. And El was worried.

When El had first come to the Catholic school, they had separated all the boys and girls and took them to two different auditoriums. Sister Helen had shown videos and pictures to all of the girls about Sex and Pregnancy and Abortion and it had scared El at the time and it still scared her now. Sex was a Sin, it was naughty and bad and if you were good and true, you would wait to have sex until after you were married, and then only with your husband. Otherwise, if you had sex before you were married, you would get Pregnant, and have a baby, and everyone would know what a bad girl you were, and think that your baby was bad too, and you would have to take care of the baby all by yourself and the baby would cost a lot of money that El didn't have. And if you got Pregnant you had to keep the baby, because Abortion was an even worse Sin than Unmarried Sex and you would become a murderer and go to Hell.

El knew she was already a bad person for having sex with Mike, and she knew that having a lot of unprotected sex would lead to having a baby too, on top of all of that. It was fine that she was soiled, that she hadn't been strong enough to resist Mike, deep down she knew she had always been an undeserving person, it was why bad things had happened to her, it was why Papa had treated her so badly and why her Mama had gotten sick and why she had become an orphan, but she didn't want to bring a baby into the world that people thought was soiled too. She didn't want to have a baby that she couldn't take care of, so that the baby ended up just like her – an unwanted, unloved orphan, a weirdo, *a freak*

All of these things had been running through her mind, and it was why that night, El couldn't seem to fall asleep. After about 2 hours of tossing and turning, she figured it must have been about 2am, and got up out of bed with a defeated sigh.

She was alone tonight, she actually hadn't been able to see Mike all

day which was a little unusual. *That* was running through her mind too, why she hadn't seen or even heard from Mike all day, the pang in her chest like she missed him or something, which was stupid, so *stupid*, like she was some needy little girl, like she couldn't go one day without seeing him, as if she actually really *cared* about him – after all, she was just his "dirty little slut", and she loved being his dirty little slut, but she hated herself for it, and dammit if she was going to let herself develop feelings for him that weren't just sexual, because he surely wasn't thinking about her as anything other than his play thing.

To get her mind off of things, El decided to take her morning vitamins early. She always took them straight away after she got up so she wouldn't forget.

When they had finally taken her away from Papa and put her in the school, El had had chronic nose bleeds which she had to see the school nurse about. The nurse said she had something called *anemia* because Papa hadn't been feeding her well (or sometimes at all), so she had given El a bottle of iron tablets and another bottle of generic vitamins that she got refilled every month. Every day she would take the two tablets and since then, she hardly ever had nosebleeds anymore.

El popped the two pills into the palm of her hand and then frowned. The glass of water on her nightstand was empty. She'd have to sneak into the common room for some tap water.

El gingerly pushed the door to her room open and padded out into the hallway. It was so late that El didn't want to push the hallway lights on, for fear of waking anyone up. She was almost halfway to the common room when she got the fright of her life – someone grabbing her by the waist, his other hand clasped over her mouth barely in time to cover up the shout that El gave, dragging her hurriedly back into her room and shutting the door behind them.

El was about to shout bloody murder when she realized in the glow of the light of her room that it was Mike, just Mike.

"Jesus Christ, Mike!" El was breathing hard, still trying to recover from the momentary fright of thinking she was about to get sliced

like in a horror movie. "I thought you were a serial killer!"

"Sorry," Mike said, his face looking anything but, smirking at her with mild amusement, "I just didn't want you to scream and wake everyone up."

El was finally starting to catch her breath, her hands over her heaving chest, "What are you doing here? It's late."

"What do you think?" Mike had already closed the gap between them, pulling her by the hips against him, burying his face in the crook of her neck and nipping at her gently, his hands running down her hips to squeeze her ass. "I haven't been able to see you all day," he said, and already she could feel the hardness of his cock through his pants, pressing into her thigh.

"Yeah, been busy?" El was annoyed, but she didn't move away from him.

"Sorry, El," Mike pulled back, looking into her eyes before pecking her lips softly, "This new semester's been crazy. I spent most of today with the team practicing for long distance, and then classes, and then I had to talk to my academic advisor. There's this new chemistry scholarship I'm pretty sure I have a good chance of getting..."

"Oh," El said, feeling relieved and a little stupid. He really had been busy...he wasn't avoiding her. "That sounds great, Mike. I-I'm sure you'll get it. You're so smart. You taught me a lot of things."

He gave her a toothy grin at that, giving her ass another squeeze. "Oh yeah? I sure did..." His hands moved from her ass over to the front of her panties, lightly brushing her sensitive little nub.

"Mike..."

"Look at what you're wearing...fuck. Is this what you wear to bed?" Mike pulled back a little, giving El's body an admiring look.

She had on a little pink babydoll nightie, it didn't have a waistline so it hung loose from her shoulders down to the tops of her creamy thighs. The material was opaque but sheer and Mike could see the dark outline where her nipples were underneath the nightie.

"What?" El hugged her arms around herself self-consciously, which only served to squeeze her round, perky breasts together underneath the nightie. "It's light and loose so its really comfortable to sleep in."

"I'll bet," Mike said, walking her backwards until her knees hit the bed. He sat her down on the edge of the mattress and kneeled in front of her, and before El knew what was happening Mike had his head under her nightie, his mouth suckling her breast, making her nipples pucker and harden as he suckled and drooled on them, while his hand snuck down into the waistband of her panties and begin playing with her clit.

Without thinking, El started to grind her hips up to meet his fingers. It felt so *good*, and she hadn't been touched by him at all today.

"Oh...oh Mike...." she moaned, as his mouth moved to her other breast, and he stuck in a finger inside her increasingly wet pussy.

He suckled and fingered her for awhile, making her tits *and* her pussy all wet. Just when El thought she couldn't stand it anymore, Mike pulled back, his head coming back out of her nightie, grabbing at the hem and pushing it up over her head, his other hand pulling out of her slick pussy to pull the panties down her legs and throw them over his shoulder.

She was naked in front of him now, trembling slightly from the chill in the room, her breasts wet with his saliva and her pussy wet with her own arousal.

Without wasting anymore time, Mike shrugged out of his clothes, falling on top of her, pushing her back onto the bed, and started kissing her fiercely, grinding his aching cock against the opening of her slick, tight pussy.

"M-Mike, wait," El said, feeling the tip of his cock begin to rub insistently at her opening, begging for a way inside. "I don't – I don't want to have a baby..."

Mike had his hand around the base of his cock, rubbing the tip of it up and down her pussy, but he stopped at that and grinned up at her, "Neither do I."

"B-But we've been having a lot of sex. A lot of *unprotected* sex. Maybe we shouldn't tonight."

"El," Mike chuckled lightly, returning to rubbing his cock against her pussy lazily, tapping it lightly on her clit and sending waves of pleasure through her, "We haven't been having unprotected sex."

"We...we haven't?"

"You know those pills the nurse gave you? For your nosebleeds?"

El pushed away from him a little, not sure what to make of where he was going. "How do you know about that?"

Mike sighed. "I should have told you this before but...well, I thought you might get mad at me. Especially before you let me fuck you, like properly fuck you, in that soft, wet little pussy of yours. I paid the nurse to give you birth control pills. They take like, 3 months to kick in, and I knew from the moment I saw you that it was only going to be a matter of time before I'd have you," he said, gliding his cock across her pussy folds for emphasis.

"What? So I haven't been taking iron and vitamins? But my nosebleeds –"

"No, she gave you whatever you needed for that, which was the iron I guess, but I had her tell you the birth control were vitamins."

"How did you – she could lose her job doing that, you know!"

"I made the pay worth it. My family donated a wing of the library to this school, you think I can't afford to pay some of the staff off for favors?"

El had stopped moving or responding to Mike's touches, trying to process this whole thing. Mike noticed, pulling back, suddenly looking as unsure as she had ever seen him before. He was usually so confident and smug. "Are you... are you mad?"

El frowned, letting him stew in a moment of insecurity, he surely deserved it and needed some humbling anyway. Then she hooked her legs around him, pushing his hips forward so that Mike fell flush

against her, her soft full breasts crushed against his chest, and giggled, "No, I'm not mad. I'm a little relieved. I was really worried about getting pregnant."

Mike's look of concern turned into something darker, and he grabbed her ass roughly, causing El to wince. "You naughty little slut. You had me thinking you were mad at me. That's not nice. I'm gonna have to teach you a lesson."

"Mike, wait.. I haven't taken my birth control for today yet." El glanced over at the empty glass on her nightstand. "That's why I was out in the hallway. I ran out of water so I couldn't take my pills."

Mike glanced at the empty glass too, before smirking down at her. "Don't worry. You don't need to take it with water. I've got something else you can take it with."

"What?" El asked, confused.

"Trust me, and do as I say." He was hovering down over her, tall enough that his body was completely covering El's petite little frame underneath, dominating her. She was completely helpless under him, and the thought made her pussy so so wet.

El let out that little whimper-moan she knew he liked, biting her lip and nodding her head up at him obediently. It was almost like a green-light signal for Mike, because as soon as she did it he thrusted into her in one brutal stroke, completely sheathing his cock in her tight, slick pussy.

"Ah!" El barely had time to cry out as he immediately begin pounding into her, long, hard strokes that shook El's entire body as she took his cock fully into her tight, inexperienced hole over and over again. It hurt so good, her body still getting used to Mike's big cock stretching out her pussy lips, still getting used to his cock inside her tiny little virgin slit.

Mike wrapped his fists painfully around each of El's thighs, pushing her legs all the way up and down against her body so that she was almost folded in half underneath him. He hooked his arms underneath her knees to keep her legs there, pushed so far up against

her body that her ankles were pressed down around her head with the weight of his body crushing her own.

Then, he really went to town.

His cock started pounding into her small, aching pussy ruthlessly, hard and fast, squeezing the breath out of her lungs with each merciless thrust and causing her tiny little bedframe to shake and bang against the wall. With her legs splayed up against her body, her hips angled so that her pussy was wide open to him, taking him in as deep as he could go. He bottomed out each time he hammered into her, hitting her cervix over and over again. El was squirming and crying underneath him, the pain was so good, he was filling her up and stretching her out, and he would make her pussy so sore and swollen.

They had agreed on a safety word over Christmas break (*Eggos*), when they started to realize that a little bit of pain made El wet and causing El a little bit of pain made Mike hard, and even though El was crying underneath him, tears falling down her cheeks as he battered his cock into her helpless pussy again and again, she hadn't said it, so he kept going.

"You like that, huh? My cock is *ruining* your tight little untouched pussy, El. It's taking in so much cock and its never had to take cock before. But you love it, because you're so dirty and cockhungry for me, aren't you? Fucking say it, El! Say you're my dirty little slut and you love ruining your pussy on my cock."

El could hardly talk, squished underneath Mike's hard body, her entire frame being rammed into the mattress hard and repeatedly, her words coming out in stutters as she continued to shake with the force of Mike ramming his cock in and out of her tight and sore little slit, having no choice but to take it, "Y-Yes! I'm your dirty little slut, Mike, you're dirty little virgin that you ruined. I love taking your cock so much I let it ruin my inexperienced young pussy, it always has to take so much of your big cock it's stretching my hole out..."

"You love getting fucked by my cock so much you were going to let yourself get pregnant, weren't you? Your virgin pussy took in so much of my cum...you were so full of my cum it was going to get you

pregnant, all round and swollen with my cum like a fucking slut, like a pregnant teen schoolgirl and have my baby, huh? Is that what you wanted? You want my cum to fill you up and impregnate you and get you swollen with my seed?"

His words were so naughty, it was so naughty to have sex and get pregnant and have Mike's baby as a teen, it made her feel dirty and horny, "Yeah, I want you to dump all your cum inside of me and fuck your baby into me. I wanna have your cum and your baby, I was going to be a bad slutty teen mom because I couldn't say no to you, Mike..."

It was everything El had been taught was wrong and sinful and shameful, and she came then, came so hard on his cock as it continued ramming itself deep inside her tight, raw pussy, her muscles clenching down hard on his shaft that was still moving inside her slick hole.

Before she knew what was happening or had even stopped cumming, Mike suddenly pulled out, stroking his cock that was slathered in her slippery pussy juices, "Get your birth control pill, El."

El didn't ask questions, automatically doing as she was told out of habit, it was just the way things were when they fucked.

"Now get down on the floor, on your knees."

Again, El did as she was told, kneeling on the floor. Mike came to hover over her, jerking his slick cock the entire time.

"Put the pill on your tongue and stick your tongue out. Good girl."

Mike jerked once, twice, three more times and then let out a strangled moan as he started cumming, pressing his cock head down on the tip of El's tongue. He spurted copious amounts of his thick, warm cum all over her tongue, burying the birth control pill on her tongue in ropes of sticky white cum.

"Oh fuck...." Mike was panting harshly, his dick still gripped tightly in his fist, "Now swallow it, El. Swallow your birth control with my cum."

It didn't go down as smoothly as water, but El could barely feel the pill go down her throat past the gooey feel of taking in his cum. "Mmm..." she sighed, dreamily, licking her lips as she swallowed every last drop of cum with her birth control. "Yum."

From then on, El always swallowed her birth control pills down with Mike's cum.

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A/N: I know that you usually take birth control pills every day, which is a little unrealistic to think she'd do this every time she took them, so just imagine they're birth control pills that you take once a week or something lol

Shout out to cwebster2, stranger records, unopeso22, grievesforyou and any other regular guests/reviewers! I love your regular and thoughtful comments not just about the smut but the story too! I have hit a bit of a creative snag in thinking about how I want to write the rest of this story out, so that's why i didn't upload this chapter as fast (I got kind of writer's block) but unopeso22 seeing your comment helped me to write and upload this! so seriously guys, if you want to see more, comments literally help us write!

and finally, for people popping in with random smut prompts, you can go to my other fic "milk and honey" - that is designed to be a place for random, unrelated smut one-shots and it is where i'll take requests in the reviews. this fic is for this AU and this story only and I won't write anything that comes out of nowhere in this story. thanks!

6. the french do it better

A/N: Thanks for the wait everyone (although you guys are spoiled - i update ALOT compared to your average fic writer XD). I am literally on vacation at the moment until like next week. so don't expect another chapter for like at least another week. the more reviews i get the more it motivates me though hint hint (for example, i got a new review today and it motivated me to post this new chapter so...yall know what to do).

Anyway people have been requesting this for quite a while - Mike and El's first meeting. I didn't go into excruciating detail because honestly I don't do "build-up to romance" that well; I'm much better at writing established romance. In any case, this chapter DOES have Mike and El's first meeting. It's also a little different from previous chapters in that its not focused on 1 scene, it's sort of a montage of the early days when Mike first started tutoring El (and introducing her to sex and sexuality). There's still smut though, so don't you worry.

I have this in my head for the backstories when I write, but fyi, El's backstory is that Brenner is her biological, abusive father (not sexual abuse though because I really don't even wanna touch on that in a story like this), who did a familial kidnapping of El and took her away from Terry. He neglected El while she was living with him, and El's kidnapping devastated Terry so much it made her catatonic (like on the show). Around the time El was 12 or so (like on the show), social services finally rescued El from Brenner, who killed himself to avoid going to jail. Terry's will stipulated that if El was ever found, to have El be sent to the Catholic boarding school where she would meet Mike (and Terry's family was well off enough to be able to afford sending El to the school, but thats all they can really afford to do - send her to the school. all of the extras El has to manage for herself, which makes her quite poor compared to the privileged students that go there). And even though El got taken away from Brenner at 12, she is 16 when she enters the school and meets Mike. First they sent El to Terry but saw that Terry was catatonic, so then El spent some time being passed around in foster care (and not getting an education through all the chaos either) until all the

paperwork for the boarding school was finally processed, when she turned 16. So this is El's first time at a real school.

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"Ah, this must be our new student."

El shuffled nervously on her feet. The principal had plopped her right in front of the entire physics class and then left, and now the nice teacher with the funny-looking mustache was making her introduce herself to everyone.

"Class, please welcome, the latest passenger to join us on our curiosity voyage, El Ives!" The teacher, *Mr. Clarke* he had said his name was, made a waving motion and looked at the class expectantly. "Everyone?"

"Hi, El," the class muttered unenthusiastically. It made El feel even more embarrassed and shy.

"Hi." She returned, barely audible, and attempted to make a beeline for the empty seat next to a tall, dark-haired boy.

"Now hold on there," Mr. Clarke said, stopping El in her tracks. "You're not getting away that easily. Now El here has been uh," Mr. Clarke looked down at some papers the principal had given him, checking her records, " – homeschooled – "

El knew it was just a polite way of referring to what had happened to her. Papa had not put her in school or made any attempts to educate her at all. All that El knew she had gleaned from television and books, the ones Papa had allowed and the ones she had snuck in herself. She had memorized an entire dictionary and thesaurus on her own, and something called the 1977 almanac, which was full of all kinds of information.

At first the Catholic school had been reluctant to take El in at all, since she had no formal education, but Terry Ives' family had been old money and well-connected, and her mother's will stipulated very clearly that should El ever be found and if Terry could no longer care for her, that El be sent to her mother's old boarding school. And

besides which, El had passed all the necessary entrance exams with flying colors. She may not be book smart like everyone else here, but El wasn't *stupid*.

" – so she'll need a tutor to help catch her all up," Mr. Clarke continued, "Any volunteers?"

Immediately, a few hands shot up. *All boys*, El noticed, her face flushing with embarrassment. She quickly scanned the faces. There was a redheaded boy, a sandy-haired boy, a blonde boy and – the dark-haired boy that was sitting beside El's empty seat. He was looking at her with such intensity that it made El feel like she was naked. She quickly averted her gaze, feeling her face flame up some more, and cast her eyes downward shyly at her scuffed, secondhand Mary Jane shoes.

"Wow, and I didn't even get to the offer of extra credit! Um, how about..." Mr. Clarke's eyes had settled on the blonde-haired boy, "I think I saw your hand go up first Jake – "

"I'd love to help tutor El, Mr. Clarke," the dark-haired boy interrupted. "I tutored Cathy, Jennifer, and Stacey before and they all did really well so, I've got some tutoring experience under my belt."

Mr. Clarke contemplated the dark-haired boy for a moment and then nodded. The decision on who would be El's tutor for the year had been decided. "That's right, you did tutor them, Mike. And you did an excellent job, too. The girls were very happy, if I recall. Alright that settles it. El, I'll introduce you two formally after class so you can both get to know each other better, what do you say?"

El nodded shyly, "Sure, Mr. Clarke."

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After the bell had rung and everyone had emptied out of the classroom, Mr. Clarke pulled El and the dark-haired boy – *Mike* – aside for formal introductions.

"El, I'd like you to meet your tutor for the academic year. This is Michael Wheeler, one of our top students."

Mike smiled congenially at her, extending his hand. "You can just call me Mike. Happy to meet you, El. Can't wait to work with you this year."

"Nice to meet you too, Mike. Thank you for volunteering to help me catch up." El took his outstretched hand in a friendly handshake, though it seemed to her that Mike held onto her a little longer than he should have, and was rubbing his thumb back and forth across her skin. El nearly yanked her hand back on instinct, but immediately felt embarrassed for having done so. Mike didn't look offended or embarrassed, though. In fact, he was looking at her with his lips curled in an amused smile. El didn't know what was so funny.

"You're very lucky to get Mike, El." Mr. Clarke was saying, "He's tutored many of our students before, and they've all been very satisfied. I figured given the circumstances, you're probably going to need someone experienced, like Mike."

There was that amused look on his face again.

Mr. Clarke pushed some of notes and books into a leather briefcase, then started to head for the door. "Well, I'll let you too get to know each other. You're going to be working very closely this year, I expect."

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"Oh...ah...ah...Mike!"

Mike's face was buried in her slick pussy, his hands braced against both of her inner thighs, spreading them wider than El thought they could go.

He had been tutoring her for a week.

"Je pense que tu es très gentil." It had started during their very first tutoring session.

"I think you are very nice," El had translated.

It turns out, Mike wasn't just her physics tutor. He was her designated school tutor – tutoring her in all of her subjects. Mr. Clarke hadn't

been lying when he said Mike was one of their best students. Although he was the same age as El, he had been skipped one year ahead, so he had already taken most of El's classes, including French.

"La fleur est jolie."

"The flower is pretty."

"Good! Good job, El." Mike scooted closer to her. "Je pense que tu es très jolie."

He wasn't looking at the textbook anymore. He was staring her with that same gaze the first day in Mr. Clarke's classroom, the one that made her feel like she was naked.

"I think...I think you're very pretty..." El translated. That sentence wasn't in the textbook.

"Puis-je t'embrasser?"

"Can I..." El hesitated. "Can I kiss you?" That sentence *definitely* wasn't in the textbook. Mike's face was mere inches from her own, looking at her intently. "Mike...you're not following from the book..."

"Have you ever been kissed, El?" He asked, ignoring her previous remark.

"Yes." El *had* been kissed. She remembered when she was very, very young, Mama had kissed and hugged her lots.

Mike chuckled. "Have you ever been kissed on the lips?"

"I don't see what this has to do with French, Mike," El said, scooting away. Was this how tutoring was supposed to go? She didn't know, because she'd never been tutored before, but she didn't think it was how it was supposed to go.

"Oh man, it's got everything to do with French, El." A mischievous grin came over his face. "You know what a French kiss is?"

"N-No..."

"Close your eyes and I'll show you."

"But..." El chewed on her lip, looking doubtful. "Is this going to be on the exam?"

He snickered again. "You know, French class isn't *just* about learning the language. You can't learn a language without learning about the culture. You don't want to be ignorant, do you? You want to be good at French, right?"

El nodded reluctantly. It *sounded* like he had a good point. "Right."

"So let me show you what a French kiss is." He sounded so sure and so smart. "Now close your eyes."

El did as she was told. Obediently, she closed her eyes, her heart pounding in her chest. She didn't know what for. It was just Mike tutoring her in French class.

He pressed his lips against hers, pushing against her insistently. It was like on TV shows, when the actors and actresses kissed. How was this French?

And then she felt it. Something wet and soft brushing at her lips, trying to part them. His tongue.

Some part of her thought she should feel disgusted at what he was trying to do. His tongue, all slimey against her mouth. Except that it didn't feel slimey or disgusting at all. An aching heat started to pool somewhere deep down in her belly, she became keenly aware of his hands gripping her hips, sliding her closer to him, how tight and hard his grip was on her soft flesh – *oh*, her lips parted without conscious thought, and then he was in, his tongue sliding against hers, he tasted like cinnamon and honey, and as he plunged deeper into her mouth El parted her lips for him wider, her body instinctively taking him in as far as he could go, his hands on her hips traveling up and up and up, the tips of his fingers brushing against the underside of her breasts –

And then his mouth was gone, and so were his hands, and Mike had the textbook in front of him again, completely casual as if he had just

made her recite the numbers up to 10 in French instead of just having his tongue down her throat.

El was just sitting there, dumbfounded, panting heavily. Her lips were still parted and they felt bruised and tingly from his kisses. When Mike noticed her state he stifled another laugh.

"You okay there, El?" He looked over at her through dark, curly hair that had fallen into his eyes. "Looks like you enjoyed that lesson, huh?"

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From then on, they spent about half of their time in French lessons practicing French kissing. El would later find out that what they were actually doing was called *making-out*, and it hadn't been on the French exam at all.

But she didn't tell him to stop.

When they French kissed, Mike's hands would go everywhere. To private places that Sister Helen had said no boy should ever see or touch until you were married.

Somehow that just made him touching her in those places feel even better.

El thought she must be some kind of deviant to feel that way, but Mike always made it feel too good that El didn't want him to ever, *ever* stop touching her.

Sometimes he would put his hands on her breasts. At first he just squeezed them over her shirt, then he put them *underneath* her shirt and even into her *bra*, brushing her nipples lightly and El found herself arching into his hands, pushing her breasts into them as that odd, aching feeling at the bottom of her belly intensified more and more.

Once he had unbuttoned her shirt down the middle, slowly and one-by-one, so that El could watch her own full, soft breasts pop out in the open, and he had pushed the cups of her bra down and put his mouth on her nipples, and El could see him sucking at them, making

them all wet and puckered, and it was so *naughty*, and she didn't know why she was doing it but she started to grind her hips against the hard wooden chair she was sitting on, trying to relieve that ache that she felt every single time Mike put his hands on her body.

"El?"

She opened her eyes and he was looking up at her from underneath her cleavage, his cheek resting on her right breast while her left breast was shiny with his saliva and inches away from his mouth that had just been sucking on it.

"Yes?" El breathed.

"Can I French kiss you?"

"Yes," El answered without hesitation, already closing her eyes and puckering her lips for him.

Mike chuckled, she could feel his breath tickling her exposed pink nipples. "No, not up there. I wanna French kiss you down here." He put his hands underneath her skirt and cupped her pussy over her panties.

"D-Down there?" How was that even possible? She'd never seen anyone getting kissed down there before. "W-Why? That's just a place for peeing..."

"Oh my God, you gotta stop being so innocent, it's gonna make me cum right here and now..." Keeping his hand over her pussy, Mike's other hand went to his crotch and fisted the bulge in his pants. "If you let me kiss you there, I can make you feel really good. You've been feeling really good with me, right El?" As if for emphasis, Mike began stroking a finger up and down her pussy, from the very top at the spot which made her toes curl all the way down to her little opening.

El closed her eyes, already getting lost in the feeling. "Yes, Mike. You make me feel really good. You're the best tutor."

"Yeah....I can tell. You're all wet down here." Without waiting for her response, Mike pushed El's panties down her ankles and threw them

over his shoulder. "Let me French kiss you on your pussy, El. Will you?"

El bit her lip, and nodded. "O-Okay, Mike."

He slid her skirt down too, so that she was totally exposed to him. "Oh God...look at your little hairless pussy...it's so pink and wet for me..."

"I like to wax," El blushed, "It makes me feel lighter down there..."

"Fuck..." Mike let out a groan and then he lost all control, diving into her folds and licking her ravenously, like he was starved for her pussy and only her pussy.

He was right. It was just like a French kiss. Except instead of her mouth, his tongue was going into every part of her pussy, it seemed. He licked her pussy lips up and down and then his tongue found her little nub at the top, flicking and sucking at it until El thought she was going to explode. But then he pulled back at the last second, and replaced his tongue with his thumb, rubbing at her clit while his tongue went back to her pussy lips, and just as he had parted her other lips when he showed her how to French kiss, now he used his tongue to part her pussy lips, pushing his tongue inside her little wet opening.

El nearly screamed. It was so wrong and bad, his tongue was *inside* her pussy, he was thrusting it in and out while his thumb massaged her clit, and her pussy had gotten so, so wet, and so was his mouth, and El didn't know where he stopped and she started anymore, and when Mike looked up at her as he was kissing her pussy, as his tongue was thrusting inside her pussy lips as far as it could go, El fell over the edge, her pussy twitching and clenching as waves of pleasure rippled outward from her slippery cunt to her entire body, down to her curled toes, she could feel her pussy clenching down on Mike's tongue that he was still thrusting into her over and over again...

"Oh Mike! Mike – my pussy, oh my pussy...Mike!" El didn't know what was happening; she didn't even have the words yet. All she knew was that Mike had made her feel better than she had ever felt

in her life, and he had done it by French kissing her pussy.

El's legs went weak and she nearly fell off her chair. Luckily, Mike caught her in time, laughing, and sat her down on the edge of her bed.

Then he French kissed her on the mouth.

El could taste herself all over him. It was so dirty that she could feel the ache returning to her pussy again, even after everything.

When Mike finally pulled away, they were both panting heavily. He was staring at her still-exposed breasts, fisting the bulge in his pants again.

"You wanna French kiss my cock now, El?" Without waiting for her reply, Mike was pulling his cock out of his pants. "It's only fair."

El's eyes widened comically. She had never seen a penis before. It was so much bigger than she thought it'd be. And it was sitting straight up at attention. "I-I don't know...how."

"That's okay," Mike said, guiding her hand over to rest on his cock. "I'm your tutor. I'll show you how."

It felt so odd in her hands. It was hard but somehow also soft, and warm. Without thinking, El started to glide her hands up and down the shaft. It was so smooth, too.

Mike's eyes rolled to the back of his head when she started stroking him. "Oh God, yeah, do that. Jesus you're a natural, El."

He seemed to like it, so she did it a couple more times, stroking him up and down gently, and before long Mike was thrusting his hips upward to meet her hand, thrusting into her fist, a translucent liquid seeping out of the top of his cock that Mike encouraged her to spread all down the rest of his shaft, which made her hand gliding up and down his cock even easier.

"Okay, fuck...." Abruptly, Mike took her hand off his penis. "Gotta stop before I cum. Wanna cum in your mouth."

El frowned, confused at his wording. "You mean, go in my mouth?"

Mike smirked, "No. I mean *cum* in your mouth, El. It's okay. I'll teach you."

Mike stood up in front of El, so that his cock was directly in front of her face. "Open your mouth wide, El. I'm going to put my cock inside your mouth, okay? And when I do, I want you to just relax your jaw and breathe in through your nose. And make sure not to touch your teeth on my cock. That hurts."

El looked at his cock, then up at Mike, then back at his cock. It looked way too big to go into her mouth but...well, he had made her feel good. It was only fair.

El did as she was told. Mike gently pushed his cock into her wet, warm, virgin mouth. "Oh fuck...yeah...that's it, El. That's a good girl. Relax your jaw a little bit more...there you go...you're gonna take me all the way in, aren't you? Such a good girl."

Mike didn't stop until his balls hit her chin. There was so much of his cock in her mouth, for a minute it felt hard to breathe but then El remembered what Mike had said about breathing through her nose and when she did that, it felt a lot better. It felt funny when Mike was all the way in and his cock brushed the back of her throat, but he didn't stay there for long, pulling back out again and then pushing back in.

"Yeah..." Mike was breathing hard too, looking like he was trying to concentrate on something. In reality, Mike was trying hard not to blow his load right then and there. "When my cock hits the back of your throat, it might feel uncomfortable. Like you want to gag or something. Just keep your jaw relaxed, keep breathing, and try not to gag for as long as you can. But if you need to, just let yourself do it. It won't hurt you. Just gag on my dick, El."

"Mmpphhh," El moaned, nodding as much as she could with his dick down her throat.

"Good girl. You're doing great. Now move your mouth up and down my cock, El. Just like you did with your hand. Glide your mouth up

and down my cock, over and over again."

El did as she was told, moving her mouth up and down Mike's hard shaft, taking him to the back of her throat every time. She didn't mind it. She felt his hand come to rest on the back of her head, guiding her movements on his cock. After awhile, with such a large object continuously in her throat, El found herself unable to stop drooling, her saliva was running all down Mike's cock down to his balls, dripping down onto her dorm room floor. Mike seemed to like that, though.

"Fuck yes, drool on my cock, El. Get it all messy.....fuck...." Mike started to move his hips to meet El's lips, thrusting his cock into her mouth every time she bobbed. Before long, El found she could hardly move anymore, Mike's hand gripping her head and keeping it still while he took over, thrusting relentlessly into her mouth, over and over again. It was then that El started to feel that funny feeling in the back of her throat, with Mike's hard cock ramming into it over and over. She took it once, twice, three times before she couldn't anymore, but she was helpless to move, so she just did as Mike said to do, she gagged on his cock as it fucked her mouth. El heard herself make a strangled choking noise muffled by Mike's dick slipping and sliding frenziedly in between her soft lips, and Mike definitely heard, and *felt* it, too.

"Oh my God, you're gagging on my hard cock..." Mike started slamming into her throat, hard, making her throat constrict around the head of his dick, "Choke on my cock, El, fucking take it, fuck, fuck, *fuck*.....!"

El felt a rush of warm liquid pour down her throat, and before she could even contemplate what it might be, she instinctively sucked and swallowed it all down, every last drop.

Mike pulled his cock out of her mouth, falling on his knees in front of her, the both of them exhausted.

"Fuck El, you're such a good student," he said, tracing a finger across her swollen bottom lip, still wet with saliva and Mike's cum, "I'm gonna teach you so much this year."

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A/N: Easter egg: that blonde boy Mr. Clarke was almost going to make El's tutor. I couldn't think of a name but I settled on "Jake" after Jacob Sartorius XD

I'm not sure how to reply in the reviews on fanfic so I'll just reply on here to UnoPeso - I know you really want resistant El but in this fic, the essence of mileven's dynamic is dominant mike and submissive el, and imo I think being resistant is actually not very submissive, so i'm afraid i can't write her as resistant as you probably want. perhaps i can write that in a separate smut prompt (resistant el/hate sex) some other time.

7. gifts

A/N: This is the longest chapter yet (I think), but literally each chapter of this is longer than the last XD I'll have a whole novel by the end.

Set during the time El is on Christmas vacation at the Wheeler's house (mansion). After she's lost her virginity.

The way this has turned out, its now a modern AU. i tried to keep it ambiguous at first to keep my options open, depending on where the story took me, but modern technology is too hard to resist. I'm also not sure if Nancy and Holly exist in this AU. They aren't referenced, but I'm keeping my options open, once again (but Mike is probably an only child in this AU honestly).

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"What did you want to show me, Mike?" El asked, as Mike tugged her insistently by the hand towards his big bedroom (more like a suite than a bedroom, really).

He didn't answer her though; he just kept steadily pulling her to his room, his long legs taking such big strides and his iron grip on her wrist forcing El to half-jog after him to keep up, her perky ass bouncing after him down the hallway.

"Mike -"

"Shhh..." Mike hushed, pushing her into his room and slamming the door shut. The loud noise nearly caused El to jump, and her first instinct, out of habit from sneaking around trying not to get caught at school, was to scold Mike for making such clamor, when El remembered that Mike's parents were gone; they had taken off on Christmas day to ski in the Alps and the winter getaway hadn't included a spot for their son.

Not that Mike seemed surprise. His parents hadn't been around all that much to begin with, even during the Christmas holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler seemed like very nice, well-meaning people, but they

didn't seem to be much a part of Mike's life, nor seemed particularly interested in being so. They had hardly been around the entire Christmas vacation, Ted Wheeler spending much of his time holed up in the north wing of the mansion, tinkering around with his own personal movie theater that he was renovating, and Karen Wheeler made *a lot* of social calls and seemed to be in a constant state of tipsiness, wine glass glued to her hand whenever El saw her.

They were polite and kind to El and Mike, but didn't seem to express much interest in their son's activities at school or even acted like they missed him. No wonder they sent their son to a boarding school ten months out of the year. El thought she was also beginning to understand why Mike was the way he was...really promiscuous and risk-taking...perhaps he just wanted his parents attention. "Acting out" was what Sister Margaret had it, or a "cry for help" or something like that...although maybe that wasn't it, either. El had never seen Mike cry.

In fact, he never seemed sad. Quite the opposite; he always had a smug, self-satisfied look on his face, as if he knew the punchline to some secret joke the rest of the world was too stupid to figure out.

He had the same look on his face now, as he loomed over her, putting his hands up on either side of her so that El was boxed in between him and door.

Mike loomed over her; he wasn't the tallest boy in the school, but he was up there, and El was a little on the petite side. She had to stand on her tip toes every time to kiss him, and Mike had told her once that he loved how small she was compared to him, loved to feel El's soft breasts press up just above his belly button whenever they kissed, loved how easy it was to sweep El right off her feet to straddle him whenever he got tired of leaning down to kiss her.

El ducked underneath his arm, walking further into Mike's bedroom before he could grab her again. She didn't feel like making it so easy this time for him. But, she always thought that, at first, and then Mike somehow always found a way to escalate things, so much so that El had actually lost her virginity to him right before they went on break.

El's cheeks flamed up, thinking about that night, and she wasn't sure if her face felt hot from shame or arousal. Probably both.

She focused on his room though, his *real* room, the one he'd had since he was a baby.

It was huge.

There was a small living area by the door, with a couch and sizeable flat screen television mounted against the wall. That lead into his actual bedroom where his bed and closet and all the *Mike* things were.

There were his track trophies and textbooks, some science fair trophies too (he's so *smart*, El found herself thinking), a collection of vinyl records and a vintage vinyl player in the corner. What El didn't expect to see, however, was Mike's collection of Star Wars memorabilia and an entire bookshelf dedicated to old toys and action figures.

"Well now that you know I'm a Star Wars nerd, I'm gonna have to kill you," Mike said from behind her, suddenly picking El up off her feet and throwing her onto his bed.

"I won't tell," El giggled, "I think its cute. You have a little plushie Ewok."

Mike responded by growling and burying his head into the crook of El's neck, nipping playfully and causing El to giggle some more.

"If you keep making fun, I won't give you your other Christmas gift. It's something that I couldn't give to you in front of my parents last night."

It had been Christmas Eve last night, and they all had a fancy Christmas meal in the huge Wheeler dining room, the servants coming in and serving them course after course of a rich winter feast that the Wheelers actually hardly touched. It was more food than El had ever seen, and she wanted to eat every last thing, but had to refrain herself so she wouldn't look like a crass glutton. She didn't even know what half of the utensils were for anyway, and she didn't

want to embarrass herself in front of Mike's wealthy family.

Afterwards, they had all gathered by the beautiful Christmas tree that touched the high-rise ceiling of the Wheeler family room and opened gifts. Mike and his parents all gave El gift cards, rather impersonal, but El figured it was fair, since they didn't really know her and she was just some girl Mike had felt sorry for and brought home. But it was more money than El had ever seen. Each gift card was worth at least 1000 dollars, and they were to fancy stores that El had never even set foot in, like Bergdorf Goodman, Prada, Chanel and Yves Saint Laurent.

Mrs. Wheeler had given Mike an expensive, brand new digital camera recording system that she said Martin Scorsese's grandkids had to make short films. Mike's dad had given him the keys to another fancy car. El had been so excited and it wasn't even her car, but Mike just threw the keys in with the rest of his gifts, looking bored.

El couldn't really afford to buy the Wheelers, or Mike, anything, so she had spent the last month painstakingly sewing them handmade gifts. She gave Mrs. Wheeler handsewn recipe-embroidered tea towels. She had asked Aunt Becky for some old family recipes that she had then stitched onto the tea towels herself, taking about an hour every night after school to complete the project. She gave Mike some vintage fabric bookmarks she'd sewn out of strips of vintage ribbon she'd found at the antique store, and she gave Mr. Wheeler handsewn silk handkerchiefs she'd inscripted with his initials.

The Wheelers had expressed polite gratitude and then regarded it with their usual disinterest, but Mike had looked at her with an expression that El couldn't read. She just hoped he hadn't hated it.

"Why couldn't you give it to me in front of your parents?" El asked, already beginning to think she knew the answer. After the first semester with Mike and now no longer a virgin, she wasn't as innocent as she used to be. "What is it?"

Mike pushed himself off of her and disappeared into his walk-in closet, coming back out carrying a black box tied up in a little gold ribbon.

He pushed the box at her. "Open it."

The ribbon was the only thing tying the lid of the box closed. El pulled at it until it unfurled, lifting up the top.

Inside was a cute little bright pink thing that was long, like a fat pen, rubbery to the touch. Next to it was...

El's eyes widened. She took the thing out gingerly and held it in her hands, examining it.

It was...it looked like Mike's penis. She had seen his penis enough times by now to be familiar with it. It was about the same size and shape, and it even had the little hooded head on top. The only thing was...this penis was made entirely out of clear glass. It was a little cold and *a lot* harder than Mike's actual penis was.

"Mike...."

He was smirking down at her. "You like it?"

"What..."

"I call this one Mike junior," he said, holding up the glass penis. "I had it made after the shape and size of my own cock, El. And this one," he said, picking up the little pink rubbery thing, "I call little Mikey." He pressed a button on it, and it started to vibrate. "It's small but talented."

Without waiting for El's response, Mike pressed little Mikey up against her clit, over the fabric of her pants, and El nearly screamed.

She had never felt a vibrator before. It was like....It was like all the times Mike had put his hands on her clit, in those moments just before making El cum, how good and fast his fingers had felt, but dialed up to 100. It usually took El a few delicious minutes to cum with Mike's fingers stroking her clit but now – with this thing – El could already feel her toes starting to curl and her eyes nearly crossed at how good it felt, *shit*, she was about to cum and it had only taken *seconds* –

"Oh....fuck, Mike! Fuck I'm – I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" El panted,

totally taken by surprise as the first waves of an intense orgasm started to overtake her, she could feel her pussy twitching in her pants – she was still wearing her pants – and fuck.... "Ohhhh...."

El came, hard, pressing her face against Mike's t-shirt, feeling like the wind had just been knocked out of her, and swatted the thing, little Mikey, away from her pussy. It was a lot. It was too much.

"M-Mike?" El looked up at him, feeling dazed from her sudden, surprise orgasm. He looked down at her, looking even more self-satisfied than he usually did.

"It's good, right? I'm gonna make you feel so good, El."

Without further preamble, Mike pulled El to her feet, dragging her to the living room area of his bedroom.

He plopped her down right in front of the TV, and started to pull her clothes off.

El let him.

She was already so wet and so horny from what had just happened, and she had never been good at resisting Mike anyway. She joined in, pushing his clothes off of him too, until they were both naked and kissing sloppily on the floor of his bedroom. El was too turned on to stop now.

Abruptly, Mike pulled away, and El mewled at the loss, but he quickly came back, his expensive new digital camera in his hand.

"Mike?" El instinctively put her hands up across her chest, trying to cover herself up, not that it did any good. She was already naked and squirming on his bedroom floor.

"I'm gonna put my new filming technology to good use, El. I want to film you. Us." He pulled back from the camera, and looked her in the eyes, wanting to make sure. "Is that okay?"

El didn't want anyone to know what she did with Mike. It was so bad, it was a *sin*, and people like Sister Helen would surely call her a *slut* for all the things she did with Mike, and she didn't want to be a slut.

Well.

She didn't want to be a slut for anyone.

But she wanted to be a slut for Mike. Mike's slut and only Mike's slut.

The thought made her wet all over again.

"If you show this to *anyone*, Michael Wheeler," El said, echoing Mike's earlier declaration, "I'll kill you."

Then, she nodded.

Mike pressed record.

For a second or two, El just sat there. She wasn't sure what to do. Mike didn't seem to be joining her. He kept firmly behind the camera.

"M-Mike? What should I do?" El asked, all innocence and sweetness again, naked with a wet and newly deflowered pussy right in front of him. It took all of Mike's willpower not to chuck the camera away and fuck her raw right then and there.

"You're gonna do as I say, El?"

El nodded, like the good girl that Mike knew she was. She was used to the dynamic of when they fucked by now. Mike commanded. El obeyed.

"Take Mike junior," Mike directed behind the camera, "And put him inside your pussy, El."

"O-Okay," El said. She picked up the glass dildo that was made in the image of Mike's cock and slowly started to glide it into her slippery, wet pussy.

"Spread your legs real wide, El. Show your pussy taking it in to the camera."

El laid back a little bit more, so that her bare ass was exposed to the camera, and spread her legs wide apart, exposing her pretty pink pussy completely to Mike's camera. Then, she pushed the glass dildo

in like she was told.

She did it painstakingly slowly, taking it all in inch-by-inch, moaning and whimpering the entire time she did so, like it was too much and she was in pain or something.

"You remember our safe word, El?"

"Yeah," El whimpered, still trying to take the glass dildo all the way into her tight pussy. "I'm okay. It's just so big."

She took it all in though, and when El had gotten the thing into the hilt, Mike said, "Okay, now take little Mikey and put him up to your clit, El. That's my girl."

Little Mikey had gone silent, no longer vibrating. El still wasn't sure how it worked, but she did as she as she was told, pressing the little pink thing against her aching and swollen clit anyway.

"Little Mikey, intensity level 2," Mike called out, and immediately the cute little vibrator started to pulsate against her clit. It wasn't overwhelming like last time, but *fuck*, it felt *so* good pressed against her clit, El's pussy immediately clenched down on the glass cock inside of her, which only deepened her pleasure.

"You like that, huh? Look at you, you little slut. Fucking a glass dildo of my cock and putting a vibrator up to your clit." Mike moved one hand off his camera, using the other to stroke his cock. "I want you to start fucking yourself with Mike junior, El. Use one hand to fuck it in and out of your tight little pussy while your other hand keeps that vibrator on your clit."

"Y-Yes, Mike." El started pumping the hard glass dildo in and out of her wet pussy, while little Mikey vibrated gently against her swollen clit.

Mike came closer with his camera, so close he was nearly pressing the lens up to her pussy as she fucked herself with the hard glass cock and the vibrator. El spread her legs even wider for the camera, wanting Mike to see her open wide and taking it all in.

"Oh fuck El..." Mike groaned, stroking his cock, "I can see inside your

pussy as it's taking the dildo inside of it. I had it made of glass so I could see through to the inside of your pussy as its spread wide open, a replica of my cock fucking it."

"Mmmh...oh Mike...." El threw back her head, continuing to fuck her pussy on the hard glass dildo and grinding against the vibrator on her clit, "It feels so good.... This is what my pussy looks like when you fucked it for the first time? My virgin pussy lips were spread out like this? You can see the inside of my pussy as it takes your cock all the way in?"

"Yeah.... *fuck* yes...." Mike grunted, fisting his cock and then throwing the camera down. He quickly strode to his television, pressing some buttons and then El could see herself fucking herself with a glass dildo and vibrator on the huge screen. "Its synced with the TV now. You see yourself fucking yourself with my glass cock and vibrator, El? *Watch.*"

And El did. She watched herself fuck her slippery, tight pussy with a transparent replica of Mike's cock, watched herself pump the hard glass dildo in and out of her cunt furiously. She could see inside her own pussy as her pussy walls contracted itself around the dildo as the vibrator relentlessly massaged her aching and swollen clit.

"Yeah, look at how good you fuck yourself on that copy of my cock, El. Now you're gonna watch yourself take two cocks."

El thought Mike was going to take the dildo out of her and fuck her, but instead he kept her where she was, splayed out with her pussy spread open right in front of the camera. He went to her head instead, and shoved his cock into her mouth, so that the screen was recording El getting her mouth fucked by Mike's dick and continuing to fuck herself with the clear dildo and vibrator.

"Oh God, El..." Mike moaned, his eyes rolling back into his head, lost in the pleasure of her eager, wet mouth. "You love this, don't you? You're such a greedy little slut for my cock, El. I can tell by the way you're sloppily sucking on my fat cock."

He started thrusting into her drooling mouth. "I wanted so badly to see you take two cocks at the same time, but I could never see you

fuck another guy. *Ever*," he said, emphasizing the word with a hard thrust into her mouth, causing El to make a choking noise on his cock, "So I did the next best thing. I had an exact replica made of my cock, down to the veins and everything, El, so that I could see you fuck it while you took my real cock in your mouth. You're getting fucked by my cock in two places at once, El. You like it?"

"Mmmpphh," El moaned enthusiastically as he continued to pump his cock in and out of her mouth.

"Yeah, I knew you would. You're my good little slut, aren't you? You fucking love my cock," he grunted, pumping between her swollen lips harder and faster, getting El's drool all over his balls, turning periodically to look at the TV screen, of the image he knew was being recorded of El choking on his hard cock and fucking herself with a clear dildo and vibrator at the same time, "I had it made of glass so I could see inside your pussy as it got fucked by my cock, El. Keeping pumping it in and out of your wet little virgin pussy like that, yeah. I can see your tight pussy walls expanding and contracting as it tries so hard to take my big glass cock in. *Fuck*," Mike made a whimpering sound in his throat, like he was about to cum, but through sheer willpower managed to hold it in, not wanting this to be over yet. Through gritted teeth, he grunted, "Little Mikey, intensity level nine."

El yelped on Mike's cock, her throat constricting suddenly down around his shaft.

"Mike junior, intensity level seven."

El screamed against Mike's dick, but it was muffled with the force of Mike's continuous ramming of his cock inside her mouth. She hadn't even known the glass cock could vibrate, too. Now they were both vibrating, the little pink rubber thing pressed up against her clit and Mike's hard glass cock inside her small pussy, and El *exploded*.

She was cumming, she was cumming, she was cumming *so hard*, and when she stopped cumming, she came *again*, and again, over and over again, all the while her pussy lips were twitching and clenching around the glass dildo on camera, her legs splayed wide open, and Mike couldn't hold back anymore.

He pulled abruptly out of her mouth and ripped the glass cock out of her pulsating pussy, slamming his cock inside of her slick cunt before she even stopped cumming.

"Oh Mike! FUCK! *Mike!*" El writhed beneath him, taking the rough and frenzied pounding like a good girl, but it wasn't enough, Mike realized, the camera now mostly capturing Mike's own ass as he hammered himself into El's slippery cunt.

It took all of his willpower but Mike pulled out her. He laid himself down in front of the camera, and guided El on top of him.

"No, turn around. I want you to face the camera as I fuck your little pink pussy."

El did as she was told, straddling Mike's cock while facing the camera, so that she was riding his cock with her back to him. El snuck a look at the camera, and it was so naughty, Mike had her balanced and split open on his cock, and he wasn't even really on-screen. It was just El's naked body and her legs spread open as she straddled Mike's cock. The only visible part of him, besides his legs, was his hard cock pounding balls deep into her wet slit. She could hear Mike behind her, panting harshly as he fucked her, and all El could see on the TV was Mike pumping his cock into her slippery pussy over and over again as her breasts jiggled wildly, El balanced against his legs and splayed all the way open.

"Touch yourself, El," Mike grunted behind her, "Finger your clit and make yourself cum on my cock on camera."

El pressed her fingers against her aching and abused clit, already having cum so many times by now she knew it wasn't going to take long, and started frenziedly rubbing herself as Mike continued fucking her cunt underneath her.

"Look at the TV. I want you to look at yourself as you make yourself cum, while your newly deflowered pussy takes my big cock."

Watching herself get fucked by Mike like this on camera, after having cum countless times already because he had commanded his toys to destroy her virgin pussy, it didn't take El long. She knew she was

going to come so, so hard, after all of that.

"Ah, ah, ah!" El started to moan from her incoming orgasm, but tried to stay quiet.

"Scream, El. I want you to scream!" Mike shouted. "My parents are gone and there's no one here but the servants. I want them to hear you scream. Let them hear you scream because I'm fucking you so hard. Fucking," he rammed into her brutally, "*Scream! You! Little! Slut!*"

El lost it then, screaming out his name as she came hard on his cock that was still fucking her sticky little pussy, "MIKE! Ah! Mike!" She looked up at the TV and she could see her own pussy lips twitching on Mike's cock as she came, riding him all the while.

El rode out her intense orgasm, letting herself keen out as loudly as she wanted to, letting everything out that she had to keep quiet all those times in the dorm, or because of Mike's parents, fearful that some adult or authority figure would catch them. "*Ahh! Fuck! You fuck me so good Mike....ohhhhh...!*"

Before she could even process what was happening, too lost in cumming, Mike had pulled out, roughly pushing El down on her knees.

He jerked his cock twice over her and then came too, aiming his sticky white cum stream over El's neck and chest, moving the white ropes of sperm around so that his semen looped around her neck and upper chest.

"Oh *shit*.... Fuck..." Mike was breathing hard, and so was El, both trying to catch their breaths. It was one of the most intense fucks they'd had ever had, and it was all captured for posterity on camera.

"God, I can't wait to watch that and jerk off to myself fucking you..." Mike panted. He took a moment to admire his cum on her. "You know what that is? I just gave you a pearl necklace, El."

"P-Pearl necklace?" El squinted at him, then looked down at the cum on herself. "I guess it kind of looks like a necklace...not pearls

though."

Mike had gone to turn the camera and TV off, and returned to El with a hand towel.

Gingerly, he wiped his cum off her, more gently than El had expected. "Yeah, it's just a stupid name... Hey, El?"

"Yeah?"

"I actually got you another present. Your real present." Mike seemed to have trouble looking her in the eye, like he was suddenly shy or something. El hadn't ever thought Mike could be shy, and it was strange, but somehow it gave her butterflies in her stomach all the same.

"But...you already gave me lots of presents..."

"No," Mike scoffed, "Sex toys don't count...cuz they're kind of a gift for me, too. And gift cards are so impersonal, but that's kind of what we do in the Wheeler family. I just um.." Mike drifted off, as if he was searching for the right words, which was also something El had never seen him do before. "I wanted to give you a real gift."

He brought out another box, this one much smaller than the other one. When El opened it, there was a gold necklace inside, with a deep violet gemstone sparkling in the center.

"Oh, Mike..." El didn't know what to say, holding it up and looking at it in wonder. She had never had jewelry before.

"It's gold, with an amethyst stone. Cuz you were born in February... your birthstone."

"Mike...I love it." *I love you*, some part of her wanted to say. But it was the stupid part of her, and she pushed it down, down, down. "Thank you."

Mike didn't say anything in return, but he put it on her, and El thought it was the prettiest thing anyone had ever given her, and she always wore it from then on, underneath her white Catholic schoolgirl blouse, next to her beating heart.

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A/N: Sorry it got cheesy there at the end. I do enjoy writing the romance side of things as things progress and the relationship gets deeper (no pun intended). i know we're all wanting a jealous mike thing, and it's definitely coming! i have a major plotline for that but it's a pretty big plot line that will be hard to go backwards in time from that, so I wanna get all my little smutty ideas out there first before I go there (because it WILL deepen their relationship, alot).

thank you for all the lovely comments and the biggest love to people who comment on nearly every chapter! you guys are the reason i keep writing!

8. impasse

A/N: set probably a month or few weeks after "the medicine goes down." chronologically, this chapter is the farthest down the timeline to be uploaded yet.

so people have been asking for some jealousy stuff and some more interaction with schoolmates or interactions outside of just el and mike. i gave you just a HINT of that this chapter (this isn't the BIG jealousy plot i have planned, but here's a hint of it). also WARNING you might not like some of mike's actions in this chapter. sorry but interesting stories have conflict and characters that aren't perfect - can't just write everything going 100% smoothly all the time cuz i find that boring. if you want that kind of story, i'm not the author for that, so don't read if you think it will upset you. a pet peeve of mine is when people comment about how a character shouldn't have done xyz cuz it was mean and caused problems. in this fic, mike and el will have problems and will act badly and hurt each other from time to time, so if you're gonna complain about that then you can stop reading my stuff and go read a cheesy fluff and smut fic or something. for the rest of you, enjoy :)

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It was weird.

Stacey was giving him head, but his dick wasn't getting hard.

She'd probably been at it for at least five minutes by now, and Mike was still about as hard as a wet noodle. He wasn't even drunk; he'd hadn't even had a chance to pop open his bottle of beer when Stacey had cornered him, throwing herself all over him in front of the other guys in track and then tugging him into an upstairs bedroom with a wicked smile on her face.

Everyone had been watching. He couldn't just say no. He had a reputation to uphold.

And besides, why should he say no?

It's not like El was his girlfriend. It's not like they were even really dating. They had never said they were, he had never said they were, and besides, all the girls at school understood that Mike Wheeler didn't get into relationships.

He wasn't doing anything wrong.

So Mike had let Stacey drag him by the hand into an upstairs bedroom.

"Mike, I hardly ever see you anymore..." she'd said, before immediately pulling his dick out from his pants. "Who have you been spending all your time with..."

She didn't wait for an answer though, taking his limp cock in her mouth and starting to slobber all over it.

Now, in Mike's experience, which was plentiful, Stacey gave good head. Like, easily top 3 in the whole school. In the past, she could have made him cum with her mouth in minutes. Now, it was going on 10, and he was still limp as a noodle, and Stacey's insistent sucking and slobbering was starting to feel tiresome.

Mike glanced at his watch as Stacey continued going to town on his soft cock. God, he was so bored.

Finally, he sighed, gently pushing Stacey off his dick.

"Hey, uh, sorry. Must be the booze," he lied.

She looked at him in utter confusion. "What? But Mike –"

"Yeah, I gotta get back to the party now," he said, tucking himself back in his pants and heading for the door. "Nice seein' ya Stace."

Stacey wiped at her mouth, still not quite processing what had just happened. Mike used to love her blowjobs. "Um, okay. Call me sometime - ?"

But Mike had already stepped out the room without so much as a glance back, swinging the door shut behind him.

Later that night...

El had just started to fall asleep when she heard the knocking on her window. Luckily, her room was on the first floor, so she didn't think she was dreaming or being haunted.

El turned on the light on her nightstand and stumbled sleepily towards the window, already having a good idea of who could be making such a ruckus at one in the morning. Only one person had ever tried to sneak in through her window this late at night.

"Mike, what are you doing here?" El mumbled, still sleepy, lifting the window pane up to let him in. "I thought you were gonna be at that party all night tonight..."

Mike lurched inside, nearly falling flat on his face as he did so but luckily, El caught him in time. He was never this clumsy.

"Party got boring....so left. Wanted to see you," he slurred.

He leaned heavily against her, so close she could smell the alcohol on his breath.

Of course. He was drunk as a skunk.

"Seems like you had fun at the party, huh?" she remarked pointedly, but Mike hardly noticed, stumbling towards her bed and then unceremoniously falling flat on his face on the mattress.

"Nooo..." he whined, kicking off his shoes clumsily and pulling El on top of him. "So boring...bad music...annoying people...stupid social rituals... missed you."

In any other scenario, El's heart might have skipped a beat to hear that, but now she only regarded him with an amused expression. "You did hmm?"

"Yeah. 'Course." he said, without hesitation, his eyes drooping sleepily and his mouth curved into a sweet smile. "I wish you woulda come with me..." He wrapped an arm lazily around her waist, pulling her close and tucking her into him, nuzzling against the crook of her neck softly.

Mike usually only did this post-sex, snuggling her, and even that had only started recently.

El smiled sardonically; drunk Mike was really a whole other side of him, one that she had only seen in glimpse and pieces until now.

She didn't fight it though; it was nice.

El sighed happily, letting herself get tucked into him. "I told you..." she whispered, gently reminding him, "I don't like parties. Loud noises and crowded places scare me..."

After everything that had happened with Papa, El found it really hard to be in places like that. She just wasn't used to it, and she didn't know if she ever would be.

Mike had asked her last week (after sex, of course) if El had wanted to come to a big house party one of his track mates were throwing off campus. He hadn't even looked her in the eye when he asked. El had been surprised but secretly please he'd even invited her, but she knew she had to say no. She just wasn't ready to handle that kind of thing yet. And to her disappointment, Mike didn't even seem to care that she'd turned down his offer. Instead, he'd just shrugged, said "Okay", and then turned over on his side and fell asleep.

But now he was here, nuzzling her like a contented cat, telling her all sorts of things she'd never thought she'd hear Mike say, like how he had missed her and that he had wished she had come.... El knew it was just the alcohol talking and that she shouldn't take it too seriously....but, still. It was nice.

"Shoulda just stayed here with you then..." he hummed against her shoulder, kissing it softly. "Like being with you... wanna be with you all the time..."

"Mike," El laughed softly, pushing Mike's hair back away from his eyes. He blinked up dreamily at her. "You're really drunk."

"Don't change the subject...." he said, frowning comically at her. Then, he leaned in to kiss her, slowly and deeply, and it was so different than any of their other kisses, usually full of lust and passion

and nastiness, the aim of which was purely to get the other off.

But this kiss was slow and soft, infused with a deep longing for something other than sex, something that El couldn't quite name, because she had never felt it before in her young life, not until now.

"God El, you're so beautiful," he murmured against her lips, running his hands down her body and up and under her nightshirt. "When I'm around you....I can't think straight...."

Mike's hands were on her breasts underneath her shirt, squeezing them lightly, and she felt his hardness press up against her too, but it didn't seem right.

He was so drunk, and if the situation were reversed and El was wasted, she wouldn't want Mike to take advantage of her. She felt like he wouldn't, either. At least, she wanted to believe that he wouldn't.

Gently, she pushed his hands away and out from under her shirt. "Mike, I don't think – you're not....um, let's just wait til you sober up, okay? Let's go to sleep."

"Mmm...okay..." Mike said dreamily, "Can I sleep here with you tonight?"

"Yeah, of course." El hesitated briefly, before deciding to go for it, his drunkenness emboldening her, "I...I like it when you spend the night. I like to sleep next to you," she confessed.

"Me too," he returned easily, "Getting hard to sleep without you..."

Mike didn't say anything after that for a long time. El could hear his breathing slow, until it became deep and steady. Just when she figured he had fallen asleep, Mike mumbled against her neck.

"El... been feeling really happy. Since we met. Never felt that way before."

El smiled contentedly; it was everything she had secretly wanted to hear, even if Mike was drunk and she couldn't take him seriously.

But he wasn't finished.

"I love you, El," Mike said, clear as day, squeezing her tight against him, "...love you...." He said once more, his words getting muffled against her shoulder.

"What?" El froze. She couldn't have heard what she thought she had heard. "Mike?"

But only his soft and even breathing answered her. Mike had fallen asleep.

El woke up with Mike shifting lazily against her. She was still tucked into him like a little spoon, her petite little body seeming to fit in perfectly against his, one of his hands cupping her breast possessively even in sleep.

He was waking up now though, and so were other parts of him.

El could feel his erection press up tight against her center, and as he shifted lazily in the tiny bed, he seemed to be grinding it on her.

"Mmm...Mike..." El called out sleepily, not stopping him.

"Morning..." Mike pressed kisses down her neck, his breath tickling her ear. He tugged at the hem of her nightshirt, "off," he insisted, and El obediently lifted her arms so that he could pull the thing over her head, leaving her in only thin cotton panties.

Mike's hands dipped lazily underneath her panties, straight to her sensitive little nub, rubbing lazy circles over her clit and pressing hot, sloppy kisses on her mouth, down her neck, across her chest and finally on her breasts, which had already pebbled and puckered in anticipation of his mouth.

El tugged his pants and underwear off, and then his shirt, Mike pulling away from her tits briefly so she could get his shirt over his head before he resumed sleepily tugging and nipping at her breasts.

El arched into his mouth and sighed, already she could feel herself getting so wet down there from Mike's fingers. As if he'd read her thoughts, Mike left her little nub to run his fingers up and down her

folds, rubbing her slickness all over her pussy and spreading it over her clit.

"Mmm El, you're already so wet..." Mike whispered, finally starting to fully wake, the state of El's arousal getting him increasingly worked up. He ripped her panties down her legs, tossing them off to the side, and before El knew it, he had two fingers deep inside her, pumping steadily as she squirmed underneath him.

"Oh, Mike - !" El cried, as he pushed the pad of his thumb over her clit and added in a third finger, his fingers making a crude wet sucking sound as he started to pump even faster into her pussy.

"Do you like when I fingerfuck you, El?"

"Mmhmm," El nodded up at him, biting her lip, completely helpless to do anything except take the fingerfucking and love it.

He began to pump into her so vigorously that El's breasts started to bounce with the movement, and Mike couldn't help but take one in his mouth again, her tits looked so delicious, so round and full and soft, jiggling gently up at him.

His eyes met hers as his lips suctioned over her areola and he flicked his tongue round and round messily over her nipple. It was so hot, Mike looking straight into her eyes as he sucked sloppily on her tits and rammed his fingers into her wet pussy over and over again.

"I love your tits." Mike said, his mouth coming off her nipple with a wet pop. He started to do something different with his fingers, something El had never felt before, and instinctively she spread her legs wider, even as he continued battering his fingers in and out of her hole.

"Fuck me Mike..." El pleaded. Whatever he was doing felt good, and she wanted his cock.

"Not yet." Mike flashed her a naughty grin. "I'm gonna make you cum so good with my fingers, and then I'll fuck you."

El could feel him curl his fingers inside her, so that he was pumping relentlessly just inside her small opening, right underneath her

bladder and clit. It was a different but pleasurable sensation, and El started to feel a strange new pressure build inside her pussy. It almost felt like Mike was making her want to pee but El knew that somehow if she peed it'd feel so, so good, like cumming.

"M-Mike....what's happening..." El started to squirm. Her pussy lips were starting to twitch around his fingers, and she knew she was close. But close to what? "I-I can't hold it in, Mike...I think I'm gonna lose control of it, I wanna cum so bad but ah! Ah! Mike!" El tried to push his hand away, but Mike only responded by fingerfucking her more violently.

"Cum for me El, let it go, you're gonna squirt for me like a good girl," Mike growled, jamming his fingers in so hard El screamed. "Squirt, squirt, squirt!"

El was such a good girl that she actually squirted right on command, keening loudly as her pussy clenched and contracted uncontrollably, a stream of clear liquid spurting forcefully out of her cunt.

El was so lost in the moment that she hadn't noticed Mike pulling his fingers out of her and gripping his hard dick in his hands, right over her pussy, so that her juices squirted right onto his cock, drenching it completely and dripping down his ballsack. Then, he took his squirt-soaked cock and rammed into El's wet and willing pussy even as it continued to clench and twitch from her powerful orgasm.

"Oh, fuck! M-Mike!" El had no choice but to take his cock. She looked down at where he was pounding into her, and it was drenched, right down to the sheets and mattress. Mike's cock was fucking her wetly, both of their pelvic areas soaking with El's squirt juices, and Mike didn't seem to care. In fact, he seemed to like what he'd just made her do, he liked it a lot.

"Yeah, fuck yeah...." he grunted in her ear as he pounded into her, "I just made you squirt, El. I forced you to squirt on my dick and now I'm fucking your squirt juices right back into your tight pussy."

"There was so much of it...." El whimpered. She could hear the wet slapping sounds they were making as Mike fucked her hard, the liquid splashing up against her stomach with the force of Mike's

thrusts. "It's so messy..."

"Yeah, your cunt made such a dirty, dirty mess, squirting all of that pussy juice out. Who's my nasty little squirt slut?"

"M-me, Mike. I'm your nasty little squirt slut."

"That's right," Mike said, starting to jackhammer into her brutally, whispering crude things into her ear. The more violently he fucked her the closer El knew they were both getting to the edge. "Nasty little squirt slut, nasty little squirt slut, gonna fill you up with my cum....fuck, fuck, fuck!"

El's eyes rolled back as she started to cum again, just as she felt Mike spurting and pounding his cum inside her at the same time. He rammed against her sloppily once, twice, three more times before spending all of his cum inside her.

When Mike finally pulled out, his hips and pelvis were sticky and soaked, and El covered her face in her hands, so embarrassed.

"Oh my gosh....did I... pee?"

"No." Mike chuckled, "You didn't pee, El. You squirted."

"S-squirt?"

"Yeah, it's like, you know how when I cum that white stuff comes out? Well, when you came that first time, you squirted out your own cum. From your pussy."

El was still beet red. Mike pulled her hands away from her face and pecked her sweetly on the nose. He seemed to think her embarrassment was cute. "Hey, not all girls can do it. You should be proud. We should probably change these sheets though."

Mike pulled her out of bed and together they crumpled up her old sheets and got out new ones. Luckily the mattress hadn't been affected much at all, with only some shallow splatters here and there.

As they were unfolding the new sheets to fit over the mattress, El snuck a glance over at Mike. It had been on her mind since she woke

up, and she couldn't help but ask. "So Mike....do you um... do you remember what you said last night?"

I love you, El.

He had been bent over tucking the sheets into the bottom corner but suddenly stiffened, not looking up at her. "No....no not really. I was pretty shitfaced. I probably said a lot of stupid shit, sorry."

El's heart sunk a little, but still, she tried again. "So you don't....you don't remember anything about it at all?"

"No. I don't." Mike said, finally glancing up at her. He looked annoyed. "Like I said, I was really shitfaced. I don't remember anything about last night, okay?"

"Um...yeah...okay." El felt stupid, so stupid. He had just been drunk, that was all. It hadn't meant anything.

"Anyway, I um, I have to get going," he said, hurriedly putting his clothes back on. "Told the guys we'd meet up for breakfast this morning. I'll see you later, El."

"Okay," El nodded, putting on a brave face. It was silly. It didn't change anything. "See you later, Mike."

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A/N: i tried to convey that mike is in denial when he's sober - he wants to think that he can still keep seeing other girls like before but they just don't do it for him anymore. he only wants el. so he got drunk and then his true self came out and he went to see her. but then in the morning he sobered up and pretended like he didn't remember telling her he loved her (he's lying, he remembers). he did NOT do it on purpose to hurt el - it's more that his feelings are scaring him and he wasn't ready to be real with her in that moment and he so he kind of froze her off in an immature way (cuz he's still like 17 in this fic, he's still maturing). as the fic develops their relationship more he will grow up and come to terms with his feelings...so don't worry.

finally, wanna say that i love how alot of you like this story so much

you want me to update. i appreciate that that's coming from a good place. and 90% of you have been so kind, thoughtful and respectful and i love reading your comments when i upload a new chapter. but i can't believe some people have so little idea of basic politeness that they leave comments that say nothing about my work just literally "update faster" without even a please or thank you. i write this stuff for free, and i've uploaded both my fics for the first time about 3 weeks ago, and now have a total of 14 chapters, so that averages to about 1 upload every other day, which is ALOT, and i can't believe some people are demanding even faster updates. so unless you wanna pay me, don't make rude demands. my work is getting REALLY busy starting september, and i will tell you now, expect me to start uploading **once every 2 or 3 weeks or even less** at that point. and i'll upload when i upload. if you like the story and want to see more, great, the best way to motivate me is to leave a thoughtful review talking about your thoughts on the story and characters, or my wrting style or whatever. if you're just gonna leave me comments like "when are you gonna update" constantly - it annoys me and i purposefully update even slower. **so think about your strategy.** i'm not gonna be responding to messages anymore that are just asking purely about updates. i'm sorry for going off but apparently some people need reminding to not be rude. to 90% of you though - thank you for your consistently kind comments.

9. gratitude

A/N: set after "tutor time", before El has lost her virginity and before Christmas at the Wheeler's.

sorry, this chapter has the least amount of smut in it so far of all the chapters (though it's not entirely devoid of it). more of a plot-oriented chapter, with yet another glimpse into el and mike's school life.

XXXXXX

El hadn't realized how late it had gotten.

It was just after 5 in the evening. The last class of the day had been over at 3, and most of the clubs and extracurriculars had cleared out at about 4:30.

El had been holed up all day in the computer lab, trying to catch up on her paper which had been due at 5. She didn't think she would make it, she still struggled a lot with catching up on her writing, but she'd gotten to the ten page minimum with minutes to spare. Hitting the print button had never felt so satisfying, and she was thankful she'd decided to work on the paper in the computer lab instead of in her dorm room, because she'd never make it to the printer on time, and she didn't have one of her own like most of the other kids (because she couldn't afford one).

But, she'd managed to catch Mr. Huxton just as he was leaving, handing him the paper herself. He'd frowned and said it was already 5, but took the paper anyway.

Now, all she had to do was drop off some of her textbooks back at her locker, and then she could head back home.

It was eerily quiet as she made her way down the hall. The school, usually bustling with students and teachers, was all but empty, and El thought it was creepy as she finally reached her locker, punching in the code and quickly dumping her backpack inside. No point in bringing it back with her now. Midterms were finally over, and she

could just pick up her bag right here in the morning before classes. All she really needed was her laptop.

El clutched it tightly to her chest as she made her way out the door and onto the front lawn, the residence halls looming in the distance. The sun had finally set and it was getting dark and El quickened her pace across the lawn. It was a chilly late autumn night, and so there weren't too many students about. In fact, the lawn was pretty much nearly empty, except for....

Mike. Of course she'd run into him.

He wasn't too far off, doing stretches on the grass. It looked like he was either preparing for a run or had just finished one, she couldn't be sure. They briefly made eye contact and Mike only nodded at her before looking away.

She must've had his dick down her throat a dozen times by now, but at school they still barely interacted, and only then with polite courtesy as a tutor and his tutee.

Mike had never actually said anything about it, but the way he acted definitely let El know that whatever happened between them in private didn't mean anything in public, not even that they were friends.

Which was fine by El. It's not like she wanted Mike to shout from the rooftops to everyone about what they were doing. Because what they were doing was wrong, and El didn't want anyone to know, or even suspect.

So she had given back as good as she got. She pretended like he didn't mean anything to her either.

And he didn't. He didn't.

"Hey, orphan chick."

El had been so lost in her thoughts she hadn't notice the two guys until they were directly in front of her.

They looked older, although they were both dressed in school

uniforms so they had to be at most seniors, only a year above El. They looked older because they were both huge, looking like they could be on the football or wrestling team, and they were both leering menacingly at her, and at the laptop she had clutched to her chest.

"That looks like my laptop. It was stolen last week, you know. And that thing looks way too nice to belong to you."

El reflexively tightened her grip on her laptop. She had gone to six secondhand stores before she had lucked out and stumbled on the nearly brand new MacBook Air. Apparently the guy who had bought it had been furious to discover it didn't have a place to play CDs so he donated it to the store. El still had had to scrimp and save for nearly two months before she could afford even the secondhand price, but she had earned it. It was hers. It was hers. "Well, it does belong to me," she said, changing her path to walk around them, but they moved with her, blocking her way again.

"A liar and a thief. But what do you expect from a charity case freak? This is what the school gets for letting poor people in – fucking criminals."

El could feel her face heating up in anger. "I didn't steal anything. Now leave me alone."

"No, no way," Idiot 1 said. "There's no way you could have afforded that, orphan. That's my laptop, isn't it? Give it back to me right now and I might not call the cops." He made a lunge for it, but El was quicker, jerking backwards out of his reach.

"No. It's mine! I didn't steal it from anybody!" El started to walk backwards, unsure what to do. They weren't backing down. She needed this laptop for classes and school; there'd be no way she'd pass without it. And besides, she had worked hard and earned the money herself, she wasn't going to just let them have it. "Leave me alone or I'll – I'll...." El trailed off lamely. She wasn't sure what she was going to do, besides scream and run.

"Hey...is there a problem guys?" Mike had suddenly appeared. El hadn't even noticed him approach, she had been so rattled attempting

to ward off dumb and dumber. As he talked, Mike casually placed himself between El and the two idiots.

"Yeah, there's a problem, Wheeler," Idiot 1 spat. "This lying bitch stole my laptop. We're just getting it back."

"Liar!" El shouted. She couldn't help herself; she was furious. How dare they accuse her of stealing? Just because she had a nice laptop and she didn't come from rich families like them? "I bought this with my own money – you don't know anything about me!"

"You don't have any money, bitch!" Idiot 2 piped up. "Everyone at this school knows you're an orphan charity case. You don't belong here."

"Even if she did have money, she probably earned it by sucking off the entire football team," Idiot 1 nudged Idiot 2 and they both sniggered.

El saw Mike's fists clench at his sides at that. But when he spoke, his voice was light and casual. "Alright, alright. Listen, how much does it cost to buy a new laptop? Like 2,000 bucks? I'll write you the check right now."

"Mike, no!" El protested. "They're lying! You shouldn't have to give them any money!"

But Mike was already getting out his checkbook, "Who do I make this out to?"

Idiot 1 violently smacked the checkbook out of his Mike's hand. "We don't want your money, Wheeler."

"Yeah, fuck your money. You think you can just buy everyone off?" Idiot 2 said, getting in Mike's face.

"We want to teach this uppity bitch a lesson. People like her should know their place. They don't belong here. Now get out of the way."

"Before we include you in the lesson too." Without warning, Idiot 2 gave Mike a hard shove, sending him nearly colliding backwards into El.

Mike caught himself in time though, and didn't fall. Instead, he chuckled. "Really guys? We can't work this out with money?"

The two Idiots just glared at him. "Why the fuck do you care so much, Wheeler?" Idiot 1 huffed.

"Haven't you heard?" Idiot 2 chided his friend, "She's like his little fuck toy or something. My girlfriend lives on her floor. Every night it's like – " Idiot 2 made a fist and slapped the palm of his other hand against it, making crude smacking sounds that El guessed was supposed to imitate the sound of two people having sex. "Oh Mike, oh Mike, oooh Mike!"

The two assholes started to laugh. "Oh I get. Trying to impress the slit. It's not worth getting your ass beat, man."

Mike made a pained face. "Wow," he said, looking resigned. "I guess I'm really doing this."

And then he sucker punched the nearest Idiot, sending him sprawling.

"FUCK!" Mike hissed. He was wringing his fist in pain. "Fuck fuck fuck that hurt - !" Clearly he was a lover and not a fighter, and this may have even been his first fight, El wasn't sure, and in the adrenaline rush and pain, it seemed Mike had forgotten there was a whole other idiot to deal with.

Idiot 2 ran at Mike, tackling him to the ground and knocking the wind out of him. Then, he was on him, kicking at Mike relentlessly as he was sprawled over, dazed.

In the meantime, Idiot 1 had gotten back on his feet, and he was pissed. He joined up with his buddy, both of them kicking at Mike as he lay helpless and disoriented.

"Stop!" El screamed, to no avail. She pulled and tugged at one of the idiots but he just smacked her aside.

El saw red.

She broke her laptop over Idiot's 1 bulbous head. He went down like

a ton of bricks, but El didn't care. She just kept hitting him, and hitting him, her laptop broken nearly in half but she kept battering at him until he lay in a motionless, bloody heap on the ground.

It gave Mike enough of a respite and Idiot 2 enough of a shock for Mike to take him unawares, wrestling him to the ground. Still, Idiot 2 was bigger and bulkier than he was, and Mike was struggling.

With Idiot 1 beaten unconscious, and her laptop in shatters, El ditched them both and ran over to Mike. Idiot 2 had nearly managed to pin him back down, raining blows on him, until El kicked her Mary Jane's straight into the guy's yellow teeth. That stunned him enough for Mike to get the upper hand, landing another punch on the guy's thick skull, until he finally fell off Mike and landed on his back right next to his unconscious buddy, clutching his bloodied face in pain.

"Come on, run! Let's go!" Mike said, grabbing El by the wrist and dragging her off. "Let's get the fuck out of here!"

El didn't ask any questions.

Together, they ran off hand in hand, as if they were fleeing from the scene of a crime, which maybe they were, El wasn't sure, but they didn't stop until they reached her dorm room.

"Ah, fuck that stings..." Mike hissed. El was placing some anti-bacterial ointment on his knuckles, which were bleeding and bruised and had already swollen up to twice their size.

"Mike, hold still..."

"It's fine," he said, yanking his hand away. "I don't need it. I'm good."

"Oh, you're good, huh?" El brushed at his brow, which had been split open. It wasn't bleeding as much now, but Mike had looked like a murder victim earlier, the blood running into his eyes and down his face. He'd washed it all off in the little sink in El's room, but the gash still looked angry. He was gonna have a big black eye in the morning. "You almost got really hurt, Mike..."

"Yeah, I know. It was stupid."

El took Mike's hand back in her own, studying his bruised and bloodied knuckles, bruised and bloodied because he had put his fist in the face of someone who'd tried to hurt her. "It was brave...." She whispered. She brought his knuckles up to her lips and kissed them gently, one by one. "Thank you...."

Mike was staring at her intently, watching her sweetly kiss his wounds. He tugged her flush against him, capturing her lips with his own, and kissed her deeply. El whimpered softly against his mouth.

"Don't let it get to your head...." he breathed, and she could feel him smile teasingly against her lips before he captured them again, his kisses growing fiercer and harder, and El knew his lust was growing.

Mike's hand snuck up and under her skirt, squeezing her ass roughly and causing El to yelp in pain.

His lips moved down to her neck as he brought both hands under her skirt, fisting her ass cheeks tightly, snaking his hands underneath even her panties and stretching the thin cotton fabric out.

With both his hands still gripped tightly on the flesh of her ass, Mike forced El down on top of him, so that she was straddling him as he sat up on the bed. Meanwhile, his lips moved ever downward, until he got to her chest, growling in frustration at the white blouse that was covering her perky breasts.

Without waiting for Mike to tell her to this time, El unbuttoned her own shirt and tossed it aside.

Mike kept one hand on her ass, kneading it roughly, while the other came up and yanked the bra strap down her arm, forcing the cup down with it, so that El's left breast popped out at him. Mike immediately took it in his mouth, nipping and tugging on her pretty pink nipple until it peaked and hardened.

El moaned, grinding against him, feeling his hand come down to unzip the back of her skirt while his mouth continued to work on her tits. Soon, the short little thing came off too, so that El was left only in her panties, dry humping against his hard cock as it pressed up against her insistently.

They had been here many times before.

By now, Mike had pretty much fucked her in every way that he could that wasn't her pussy; he had fucked her mouth, her ass, her tits. Recently, they'd just been dry humping, sometimes with their underwear on, sometimes without, simulating sex until Mike came. She let him cum anywhere he wanted, and he'd soaked countless of her panties in cum, although sometimes he liked to switch it up and cum on her stomach, or in her mouth, or had her spread her ass cheeks wide and spurted his cum right on her asshole, or have her squeeze her tits together and cum on her tits and nipples, and one time she had even closed her eyes and let him cum all over her face, covering it in his sticky semen. It had felt like a very heavy face mask, and afterwards Mike said that well, she had sort of gotten a facial.

Mike thrust up against her panty-covered pussy hard and then grunted in frustration, ripping her panties down her legs and flipping El onto her back on the mattress in one smooth move.

His hands gripped her breasts hard at the base, squeezing the generous mounds and pushing them up and together so they bounced enticingly while he started to thrust against her bare pussy.

His cock was slipping and sliding against her pussy lips, El was already so wet that he slid against her folds easily, starting a delicious rhythm that jerked her body back and forth against the mattress.

"M-Mike..." El spread her legs wider, knowing the movement would spread her pussy lips wider too, enveloping more of Mike's thick cock and getting it dangerously close inside.... "F-Fuck me, Mike...do it..."

El didn't think he would hesitate. She had been prepared to swiftly and brutally take in Mike's cock the moment she said the words.

Instead, Mike stopped moving against her. His eyes, which had been locked on her bouncing breasts, slowly moved up to her face instead. "El....what?"

"Today...what you did...for me." El grinded her hips against him,

moving her wet folds up and down his cock despite the fact that Mike had stopped thrusting against her. "I-I wanna thank you...."

Still, Mike didn't move. After awhile, El stopped trying to grind against him, too.

"What's wrong? Don't you wanna - ?"

He shook his head. "No."

El looked at him in utter confusion. "No?" She repeated, bewildered. This was what Mike had wanted since practically the day they'd met. "I don't understand..."

It was stupid – she had been the one who was always asking him to hold off on sex, and now, when she was finally ready, he was rejecting her. "Did I do something wrong? Do you not – want me anymore?" El couldn't hide the hurt in her voice.

"No, it's not that. I wanna fuck you so hard you scream, El," Mike said. But he pulled back from her even further. "But not like this."

"What - ?"

"I want you to beg me to take your virginity, because you want my cock so bad you can't stand it anymore. I don't want to take it because you feel like you owe me something." Mike sat back on his heels, studying her intently. "Tell me you want to because you want to, El, not because I got my ass beat for you."

"I – " El's mouth opened and shut wordlessly. She was grateful to Mike and she wanted to do something that'd make him happy to show her appreciation. But she couldn't say what he wanted to hear. Not tonight.

"Yeah. That's what I thought."

Mike got off the bed and pulled his clothes back on, wincing slightly every time he brushed against a wound or bruise.

Afterwards, when he'd already left her room, El thought he had forgotten a note that had fallen out of his bag, but when she looked

at it closely, she realized it was a check. Two thousand dollars, made out to El Ives. In the "For" section, Mike had written "a new laptop."

XXXXXX

A/N: i've been wanting to develop more of mike and el's world, especially their school life and the other students they interact with, and showcase what the other students are thinking about el, and mike's relationship with her. el is definitely a fish out of water in the school, its an expensive prep school so most of the students are rich (though not as rich as mike but close), and she came from the foster care system, so i figured there'd be a good amount of interest in her since she's so different. it's a close knit school, so there's probably all sorts of rumors and gossip going around her being an orphan and a charity case, and rumors about her and Mike (considering people know about Mike's reputation and now he's her tutor).

plus mike and el have been sneaking around but its not like they have been that good at it. especially people who live in their residence hall, would notice he's over at night alot, and you would probably hear some of the stuff they get up to considering the rough sex they have.

also considering in the show el is the one that kicks the most ass, i had to have her help out mike beating those two guys up. she's no damsel in distress XD hope yall enjoyed this chapter even though it was less smut-heavy. i still love writing the smut parts but i'm getting more interested in developing the characters and their world, including more scenarios where they interact with other students...

10. shower

A/N: set right after "gratitude." el is still a virgin.

i told you guys that starting in september, i would only have time to update every 2-3 weeks AT BEST, and i meant it. thank you for waiting and for your patience for this chapter.

i'm starting the "el loses her virginity" arc with this chapter. this will be a two-parter. in the next chapter, el will lose her virginity. again, expect a 2-3 week wait before i update again and you get that chapter.

i'm not 100% happy with the way this chapter turned out, and i may go back at some point before i upload again to edit this and add some more stuff that im quite frankly too tired to add right now. i just wanted to get something out and updated to you guys since i know it's been a hot minute. but i feel that ive sacrificed some quality so that i could get you guys a quicker update. but thats how it be, so here's your update. hope u guys can still enjoy.

and i hope everyone remembers the two douchebags from "gratitude" who tried to steal el's laptop. one of them mentioned having a girlfriend on el's floor...well, that line will be followed up on with this chapter (but wont be a huge part of the chapter)...

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It was 1 o'clock in the morning, it was way past visiting hours, and they were at it again.

Mike's clothes were already off of him, and he had El stripped down to just her thigh highs (he had shown up one day to her room with a shopping bag. It was full of white thigh highs. When El had just fixed him with a resentful look, because he knew that it was against the dress code and he knew that El had plenty already and he was just giving her the thigh highs for his own benefit, he showed up the next day with another shopping bag, this time full of the white tights that the school actually required. El wore the tights during the school day, but most of the time she relented and slipped on the thigh highs if

she was going to see Mike, which she did nearly every night now).

El was on top for a change, her legs straddling his hips, her bare pussy resting dangerously near his cock as Mike squeezed her ass painfully, forcing her hips down against his, grinding against her roughly while he moaned into her mouth.

They were getting pretty good at this, taking off all their clothes and touching and rubbing and stroking and grinding and thrusting until they both came, in a crude simulation of the real sex El kept saying she wasn't ready for.

El was genuinely surprised (and a little disappointed, if she was being honest) that through it all, Mike had never crossed that line completely, even though it would be so easy, so natural, to just let himself slide in one day, and El knew that in the heat of the moment, she wouldn't do anything to stop him either. Heck, it took all of her willpower whenever they did this to not ask him to just slip it inside, just once, just a little bit, just to see...

"Put your legs together, El," Mike grunted against her mouth, "Rest them on top of mine and squeeze them together."

El didn't really know what he was trying to do, but she did it anyway. Mike pulled her flush on top of him, pushing his hard cock in between the tops of her thighs, the tip sliding through to poke out from between her legs and just underneath her ass cheeks.

Then, he started thrusting.

El's pussy was already so wet, his shaft was pressed right up against her slippery folds, and whenever he pushed himself in between her thighs his cock slid deliciously against her pussy lips, back and forth, back and forth, until his dick became slick and shiny with her pussy juices, the tip of his cock repeatedly disappearing and then poking out again from in between the juncture of her ass and thighs.

"Oh fuck, that feels so good, El," Mike sighed. His arms squeezed her waist, keeping her body pressed tight against his, her soft breasts mashed against his chest, as he continued pounding upwards, fucking her thighs. "Does it feel good for you?"

"Yeah," El whimpered, her voice quavering with barely contained pleasure. "Y-Your cock is pressed up so tight against my pussy and it's so slippery down there....I can feel it sliding in and out between my thighs and against my pussy lips..." She grinded down as Mike thrustured upwards, pressing her clit harder against his pelvis, trying to get even more of that delicious friction on her little nub.

"I'm fucking your thighs, El," Mike said. "I wish I could see myself fucking your thighs while you wear nothing but these slutty thigh highs."

Mike's hands slid down her body until they reached her plump ass cheeks, squeezing them roughly. Mike loved to squeeze and spank her ass cheeks until they were raw and red, but this time he didn't let go. Instead, he grabbed her ass by the fistful and pulled her ass cheeks up, so that her pussy lips were stretched taut and tight over his cock as it continued to slide back and forth between her wet thighs. "Cross your ankles, El, that's a good girl," Mike commanded, letting out a strangled moan of pleasure when El did just that, causing her thighs to squeeze his dick even tighter between them.

"Oh God, it feels so fucking tight now, El," Mike grunted, ramming himself into her thighs forcefully, "Your thighs are squeezing the cum right out of my dick." He let go of one of her ass cheeks to give her it a hard slap, the plump flesh jiggling around as he smacked it, then went back to fisting her ass apart and up, forcing her pussy lips to stretch out over his thrusting cock.

"You like that? You like it when I stretch you tight and bounce you over my cock? You're smearing your pussy juices all over my dick, El, you fucking slut. It feels so good and I'm not even inside yet...."

"M-Mike," El keened, burying her face against his chest as he pounded himself between her thighs, "You're stretching my pussy lips out...it makes it feel even better against your cock... k-keep sliding it against my pussy..."

"Ugh...fuck," Mike suddenly let out a growl of frustration before abruptly pulling out. He reached over to her nightstand but whatever he was looking for wasn't there. "Shit, I forgot we left the lube in my room."

Ripping El's thigh highs off her and flinging them carelessly to the floor, Mike dashed over to her closet, pulling out some towels and throwing one at her. "Here, wrap this around yourself."

"But, why - ?" El asked, perplexed, but she draped the towel over herself anyway.

Mike didn't answer, instead hastily wrapping a towel around his own midsection and dragging her by the hand out of her room and towards the shared suite bathroom.

Luckily it was just two doors down the hall from El's, and even more luckily, they found it to be empty, which was actually a pretty rare occurrence, given that there was only one bathroom shared among the eight girls that lived in El's suite. Mike didn't waste any time, pulling her into the nearest stall and snapping the shower curtain closed behind them.

It was small but not too cramped inside. Mike took their towels and draped it over the side of the stall, taking a moment to admire El's naked body. He had seen it dozens of time already, and somewhere in the back of his brain he was aware that he should be bored and disinterested by now, but still, it wasn't happening. He still couldn't get enough of El's beautiful body, her supple thighs and creamy skin, her cute little pink pussy that was always so wet for him, her flat stomach and her plump tits, way too big for a girl as skinny and small as El but soft and natural with cute pink nipples that puckered whenever he put his mouth on them.

El must have noticed how intensely he was staring at her because she put her arms up self-consciously over her breasts, but Mike grabbed her by the wrists, forcing her arms apart so that she couldn't hide her perky tits from him. He pinned her wrists against the tiles and kissed her, pressing his body against hers and grinding his erection on her stomach. Letting go of one of her wrists, Mike reached over to turn on the shower, releasing a sudden spray of cold water that caused El to jump even further into his arms. The jet of water quickly warmed though, drenching them both as Mike resumed kissing her, his tongue delving between her lips just as his cock had earlier delved between her thighs.

There was a row of conditioner bottles lined against the wall, owned by the various girls in El's suite. Mike grabbed at the nearest one, popping the cap off completely and upending the bottle all over El's body, pouring globs and globs of creamy conditioner over her breasts, her stomach, and right over his hard cock that was he was rubbing against the wet skin of her stomach.

The conditioner acted just like the lube Mike had gotten awhile back for them, coating his cock and her skin and making everything slick and slippery. He enthusiastically used his hands to spread the stuff all over her breasts, using it as an excuse to squeeze her fat mounds and pinch her nipples until they hardened and peaked. Soon, he had made her tits all shiny and oily, and satisfied, he moved onto his own cock, smearing conditioner all up and down his shaft first with his hands, then by simply thrusting his cock up and down against her flat stomach, spreading the creamy stuff all over. The slickness of the conditioner made his cock glide easily against her, and the swollen head of his cock repeatedly poked at her belly button, causing El to giggle despite herself.

"Ticklish?" Mike asked, raising an eyebrow in amusement.

"Yeah, sorry," El said, stifling a laugh, not being able to stop herself.

"It's okay," Mike said, taking her by the hips and abruptly turning her around, so that her back was to him. "Let's try this."

Mike tucked his cock in between her thighs again, pressing in against her pussy lips and pushing his dick through so that El could see it peek out at her from between her legs. He was so much taller than she was that he had to squat down a little, and El had to bend over a bit too, to accommodate him, bracing herself against the shower wall with her arms.

"Pour some more conditioner on my cock, El," Mike grunted behind her, and El picked up the bottle again, upending it over the bit of his cock that was peeking out at her from between her closed thighs, letting glob after glob of the stuff fall out over his cock head so that soon the head of Mike's cock was covered in it.

"Now cross your ankles again like a good girl and hold on," Mike said,

starting to thrust against her again, pushing his cock back and forth between her thighs, smearing the conditioner all over his cock and her thighs and pussy lips. The creamy stuff made it easy for his cock to glide in and out, and from her position, bent over facing the shower wall while Mike fucked her thighs from behind, El could see each time he rammed his cock through the tight crevice of her crossed legs, could see the swollen tip of his cock as it popped out repeatedly between the juncture of her pussy, hips and thighs.

It felt so good, feeling his hard cock glide between her pussy lips again and again and again, and each time the tip of his dick pressed against her clit deliciously. El could tell Mike was close to the edge too, as his thrusts became more frenzied and brutal. He was slamming into her violently, picking up speed and smacking his balls against the back of her thighs, forcing her tits to bounce and slap against each other, their messy thigh-fucking making crude smacking sounds that echoed loudly off the shower tiles.

"El, fuck, I'm gonna – gonna cum soon," Mike moaned, snaking his hand across her waist to reach down to her pussy, rubbing her clit furiously. "Come on, El, come with me babe..."

She was already so wet, had been wet since the moment Mike had pushed their textbooks shut and pressed his lips against her neck and his fingers on her clit, right over her thin white panties. It wasn't going to take much now. The hot water was running over them, drenching them both completely and El could hardly feel it, the only thing she could feel was Mike's skin against hers, his fingers working her clit, knowing just how to touch her, his hard cock gliding between her creamy thighs and against her wet pussy, pounding her into the wall, like he was fucking her from behind, but he wasn't, and she was a virgin, she was still a virgin and a good girl, and she could have Mike and be good too, because this didn't count, it didn't, not even if he came all over her again and again and again like he had been doing for the past few months, like he was doing now.

El felt the first hot spurts of his cum between her thighs before she saw it, and she couldn't help but look down at it, at the tip of Mike's swollen cock between her thighs, spurting warm, milky cum, getting it all down the front of her thighs and running down to her knees, before he pulled back and his cock disappeared into the welcoming

folds between her leg. He was smearing his cum all along her pussy lips and in between the crevice of her thighs, whimpering softly behind her, his thrusts slowing as cum continued to spurt out of his aching cock and onto El's supple thighs. The sight was enough to finally bring on El's own orgasm, and she heard Mike groan in response, vaguely aware that he could probably feel her pussy twitching and clenching against his shaft as it continued to glide against the wet folds of her cunt.

It wasn't until after her orgasm had subsided that El realized how exhausted she was from being continuously thigh-fucked hard, her body sagging suddenly against Mike's. His arms wrapped around her waist immediately to steady her, holding her up against him and pressing soft kisses against her shoulder blades as he started to turn the water off. Then he got their towels and wrapped El up in one, ruffling her wet hair lightly before bundling her up and getting his own towel back around his midsection.

He pulled the shower curtain back and led El by the hand towards the bathroom door, pulling it open only to reveal – Erica, one of the girls in El's suite, staring at them both with arms crossed, a look of utter contempt in her eyes.

"You know you're not allowed to have boys in here, right? You can get kicked out of the dorms for that," she sneered at El, not bothering to even look at Mike.

"I – um – I was – " El was stammering, taken completely unawares and feeling embarrassed and ashamed to be caught like this. It wasn't even like she had been caught with a boy after visiting hours. Erica had practically caught them red handed, they were both without clothes, only in towels and – and what other conclusion could anyone make –

"What is your problem, Erica?" Mike huffed, rolling his eyes. "Just get out of our way, we're done with the bathroom anyway."

But Erica wasn't budging. Instead, she put her hands on her hips and directed her glare towards Mike. "My problem is you. You and your little whore right here. You're both thugs. What you did to my boyfriend last week – he needed seventeen stitches!"

"He deserved seventeen stitches," Mike retorted, not losing a beat, "He and his goon friend tried to steal El's laptop. You know you can get kicked out of the dorms for stealing too, right?"

"One little report to the prefect, or even Sister Mary, that you've been fucking and sucking Michael Wheeler, probably for money, like a whore," Erica continued, ignoring Mike's implied threat and fixing her eyes back on El, "And your gutter rat ass will be sent back to the orphanage you came from just... like... that!"

El felt her flame face up, each word stinging her like the lash of a whip. Thug. Whore. Gutter rat. Her fists balled up at her sides. "Shut your mouth, Erica, or I'll....I'll – "

"You'll what, gutter rat?"

"She'll show Sister Mary all the nudes you've been sending your idiot boyfriend," Mike cut in, the signature smug smirk on his face.

Erica finally balked, her face paling. "You – you – what – "

"That's right," Mike continued, grinning from ear to ear, "It was really kinda naïve of you to send him nudes and let him take videos of the two of you fucking like that. You know all the athletes at this school have an invite-only Facebook group right? You know Mr. Seventeen Stitches loves to post his disgusting ass videos of you two fucking on there right? Personally, I think his self-esteem is quite low, and he does it for the attention. But oops, I have nude videos of you on my phone! It would be a real shame if those videos of you somehow landed on Sister Mary's desk or gosh, even on the Dean's."

The color had all but left Erica's face. She continued to stammer at Mike in disbelief, and Mike easily pushed past her, leading El back to her room.

"So you better play nice, Erica." Mike let his smug smile drop, fixing Erica with the same cold sneer she had bestowed on El. "Now fuck off."

Erica turned white, then red, opening and shutting her mouth wordlessly. For a moment she looked furious, like she was going to

scream, but all she did in the end was let out a little squeak, turn on her heels and run back into her room, slamming the door shut. Immediately Mike and El could hear the muffled sounds of Erica screaming at someone on the phone, crying about "You said it was only between us! I trusted you! What do you MEAN you can't take them down – "

"Come on El," Mike said, that self-satisfied grin back on his face. "Let's go to bed."

XXXXX

A/N: i felt it wouldn't make too much sense to have the guy say his gf lived on el's floor and was apparently aware of what mike and el were doing, and then her bf gets beaten up badly by mike and el, and NOT follow up on that. she lives on el's floor so she'd def have a run in and be pissed off at el and mike for what they did to her bf. just thought it would be too lazy to ignore that line like it had no consequences.

anyway as i said, i'm not 100% happy with how this chapter turned out, but i just wanted to get an update out cuz i know you guys have been waiting. VERY likely that i will go back and update this chapter and add in some more stuff i wanted to add in before i upload the next chapter. next chapter will be el losing her virginity, and expect a 2-3 week wait. ty everyone for your comments and interest in this fic though 3

Finally, just wanted to shout out Angie because she has been so sweet and kind and comments all the time! leave your comments in whatever language you like sweetie - google translate exists for a reason! :) i'm so glad u can enjoy this fic even with a little bit of a language barrier! also shout out to "Guest" - i think there's probably more than 1 of you but some of you guys do leave really nice, well thought out comments that i enjoy reading (especially the Guest that left a review for the maid AU on "milk and honey") and finally this was a chapter or so back but shameless stranger lol thanks for your comment glad this is your guilty pleasure ;) but i'm even more glad that you understand and like what i'm trying to convey with mike!

11. like a virgin

A/N: as promised, the completion of el's virginity arc. follows directly after "shower". in this chapter, el loses her virginity (really not a spoiler since i've been so transparent about this XD), right before she goes off for christmas vacation at the wheelers'. hope you guys enjoy :)

max makes a very small appearance right at the beginning of this chapter (the first of the Party to appear!) before anyone gets any ideas, sorry but i'm a loyal mileven shipper (in case you couldn't tell XD), and i will not be incorporating even any hints of madwheeler or write actual smut with other characters with mike or el into any of my fics. i know anything goes in alot of smut fics but this isn't one of them, so if that's your thing there's plenty of other fics elsewhere to meet your needs.

the backstory i have in my head is that max has been dating lucas since middle school (like in the show), and lucas is good friends with mike (like in the show), but he isn't a fuckboy like mike. he's a good loving loyal boyfriend to max, and lumax are happy. max regards mike like he's one of those "bad influences" type friends that boyfriends have that try to lead them astray. el knows max doesn't approve of mike and hasn't told her that she and mike hook up, afraid that max will think less of her. maybe some day though in this fic mike will grow up and be more like his friend lucas and leave his fuckboy ways behind to be a good boyfriend ;)

i may or may not add in more canon characters and you may or may not see more of max. depends on if they are needed in the plot. if they aren't, they won't be included.

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"Bye, Max! Have a nice trip!"

El gave a small wave as Max disappeared into the back of the cab, her bright red hair receding into the darkness as the car drove off and the sun set behind it.

Max was her friend, really her only friend at school, and El was going to miss her over winter break. She had been nice to El since her first day, even when she found out that El had been in foster care and was only here because of Terry's last savings, a special scholarship for "needy" students, and charitable donations. She didn't care that El was poor, or parentless, or a weirdo.

And now she was gone, away back home for Christmas vacation just like everyone else in the school. Except for El.

El was staying at school for the whole break. She didn't have anywhere, or anyone, to go home to.

She sighed, walking back onto campus and making her way towards the dining hall. It was only four in the afternoon but since most everyone was going away for the break, the hall was only open from noon until four until the new semester, and all they sold were cold sandwiches. Still, without a car and with little money, there was nowhere else for El to eat during break.

She made her way down the hall. The Christmas decorations were still up but there was nobody around, and it was lonely and eerie as her footsteps echoed down the empty corridor.

She wasn't expecting to run into anybody, so she nearly screamed when she rounded a corner and collided with Mike.

"Jesus, El!" Mike look startled too. He had instinctively reached out to grab at her and hadn't loosened his grip.

"Sorry! I-I didn't see you....and you shouldn't take the Lord's name in vain," El said, echoing what she'd been told in Bible study.

Mike broke into a mischievous grin and walked her backwards until her back hit the lockers, where he pressed himself against her and grinded his hips on the pleats of her skirt. "Of all the things we've done El, I think taking the Lord's name in vain is going to be the least of our sins..."

He meant it as a joke, and there was no one around to see or hear them, but still El blushed furiously and wriggled out of his grip,

putting some distance between them.

Mike didn't look offended though, only amused, as always.

"You're....you're still here at school?" She thought he would have been long gone by now, like everyone else, flown off in first class to a loving mother and father and a big house in a nice town.

"Yeah, my parents told me not to come home til Christmas Eve. Didn't want me lounging around the house too long...." Mike shrugged, as if it didn't matter all that much to him. Then he changed the subject. "Where are you headed?"

"I was headed to the cafeteria for dinner. It's going to close soon. I'm...I'm staying at school all winter break." El looked down at her shoes, feeling ashamed, not that she expected Mike to care.

"You like sushi?"

El looked up at him, confused. She thought he might say something mean, or condescending, or maybe even something insincere and full of false pity, like how some of the other "nicer" students had reacted. She hadn't expected him to say that. "Soo-shee?" El thought she might have heard about it before, from TV. It was something to do with raw fish. "I've never had soo- ...I've never had that before."

"Come on, I'll take you downtown. There's this great sushi place on Third street. I was just about to head over."

A restaurant sounded fun, and El had never even set foot off campus before, not for the entire time she'd been at the school. She wondered what downtown was like. But still... "I don't think I can afford to eat out, Mike. Sorry..."

"El, I wrote you a two thousand dollar check for a laptop. You think I can't afford to pay for your sushi? Now hurry up, last chance. You want free sushi or not?"

El bit her lip and nodded, bounding down the stairs and out the school doors after Mike.

/ / /

The sushi had been good. The texture was unlike anything El had ever tasted before, and she had been a little bit scared that raw fish might hurt her stomach, but Mike assured her it was fine and he had it all the time, so El had dug in. She wasn't going to be a brat and say no to free food.

Afterwards Mike had driven them back to campus. El had thanked him for the food and was about to open the car door to leave when Mike put his hand on her thigh, just under her skirt, and squeezed.

Before she knew it, they were making out frantically in the darkness of his cherry red Mercedes, his hand creeping further up her thigh to push her panties to the side. Within five minutes he had gotten El to cum all over his fingers, and when she found herself in nothing but her panties on his dorm room bed not five minutes later, drooling all over his hard cock as he fucked it into her swollen mouth, El was hardly surprised.

She couldn't lie to herself anymore. She loved Mike's cock. She loved the feel of it in her tiny hands, whenever she gave him a sneaky handjob underneath the desk when they sat at the back in physics class, she loved it between her lips, loved the feel of his slick shaft gliding into her mouth and pushing at the back of her throat again and again, she loved the feel of it pumping furiously in between her soft tits, or creamy thighs, or even into her tight, warm ass.

El couldn't help it. No matter how hard she tried, no matter how much she wanted to hate it, to hate him, El loved taking Mike's cock in almost every way.

She had sucked his cock dozens of times by now, but for the first time ever since he'd first slid it into her virgin mouth, she dared look up at him while she did it, making eye contact and holding his gaze as she sucked sloppily on his dick.

Mike let out a strangled moan as El took him all the way into the back of her throat, making eye contact with him the whole time as she slid her mouth painstakingly slowly down the length of his shaft, not stopping until her nose hit his pelvis, his entire cock disappearing into her mouth.

Her eyes watered as her throat automatically constricted around the head of his cock, but she didn't pull back or gag or look away. She wanted to look at him the entire time he mouthfucked her, and when he started to do just that, pulling back shallowly and ramming himself back in hard and fast, keeping the tip shoved down her aching throat, El took it. She was making little strangled choking noises and drooling so much her saliva trailed down onto the floor, but she was taking it like a champ, keeping him tucked deep in her throat and staring up at him with such hungry intensity as he facefucked her that Mike suddenly didn't think he was going to last for much longer.

"Fuck El, oh fuck...you look so sexy looking up at me like that while I deepthroat the shit out of your mouth...holy fucking shit.... I-I think I might cum, shit, I might cum...."

It didn't seem that that was what El wanted though, because as soon as he said that, she pulled away, his hard cock coming out of her warm mouth, pulling with it a thick strand of saliva and pre-cum that trailed from his cock back to her lips.

"N-no....don't cum yet...." El said, lying back on his bed and pulling Mike on top of her. She pushed her white cotton panties, clean and pristine and virginal just like she was, to the side, and then she tucked Mike's cock against her bare, exposed, wet little pussy, grinding her hips against his crudely, so that her slippery pussy lips glided over the swollen head of his cock. "I want you to...cum inside me, Mike."

Mike chuckled darkly. "This is a dangerous game to play, El."

He didn't believe her. He thought she didn't mean it.

El pushed her hips up against his, and she was so wet that the tip of his cock easily slid through. They both let out a gasp at the delicious new feel. "I'm not playing."

Mike had gone perfectly still. He hovered over her, and it seemed in that moment neither one of them moved, not even to breathe. Finally, Mike whispered, "Tell me to stop, El." He closed his eyes and breathed out sharply through his nose, his fingers digging into her

thighs painfully. It was taking all of his strength to keep from just hiltling all the way in right then and there and pounding the shit out of her tight virgin pussy until he came, to hell with whatever El said or didn't say.

But he didn't. Instead, he said again, "Tell me to stop, El, and I will."

El shook her head, wriggling her hips and sliding down even further onto his cock, and Mike hissed, as if he was in pain. "No, I won't," she said. "I won't tell you to stop."

He felt her hook her legs around him, digging her heels into his ass and forcing him to push into her even further.

"F-Fuck me, Mike. I'm begging you. Happy?" El's hands were on her clit, rubbing it in slow circles. She was so wet he could feel her juices dripping down onto his cock and soaking into the mattress below them. "I'm begging you like you wanted. Fuck me, pound me, ruin me. Take my virginity and tear into my tight pussy, Mike. I-I wanna be your slut....your sinful little cum slut that you ruined forever..."

That was it. Mike couldn't take it anymore.

His fingers bunched in her panties and El realized he was trying to push them even further to the side, not wanting to pull out even an inch to get them down her legs. With a feral growl he ripped into them with his bare hands, so violently the fabric tore apart, the remnants clinging loosely over her left thigh, and then he buried himself all the way in.

El gasped, feeling a hard cock slide inside her for the first time. There was the tiniest bit of a sting, he was so big and she was so tight, and then a lot of pressure as his thick cock started to stretch her out, sliding all the way in and then slowly back out again, so that El felt every thick inch of it, filling her up and stretching her out.

"You wanna be my slut?" he whispered into her ear as he started ramming into her, picking up speed, not being gentle at all.

El was making hot little whimpering noises underneath him, it hurt so good, but she was taking the pounding like a good girl, spreading

her legs even wider to take more of him in, even as he started to lose control, battering her into the mattress.

"You already are," he continued, crudely. "My naughty little cum slut, taking so much of my cum every day before I even fucked you. And now you're doing it again, sinning all over my cock. I'm taking your virginity, El. I'm fucking you...you gave it up to me and no matter what you do with any other guy from now on...." Mike thrust into her hard, going deeper than he, or anyone else, had ever gone before, "I'll," thrust "always" thrust "be" thrust "the" thrust "FIRST!"

El had been trying to be quiet, always her first instinct whenever they fooled around, trying not to be heard by suitemates or the prefect or a teacher or somebody. She couldn't hold back anymore though, he was destroying her pussy, like he was in a frenzy or something, taking out all of the pent up sexual frustration she'd put him through out on her tight virgin cunt, and she loved it, she loved being dominated by Mike, loved giving up total control to him, loved to be corrupted and ruined by him. "Ah Mike!" she keened, "I love your cock, Mike! It's splitting me open - !"

"Fuck, El...." Mike grunted, pulling back for a better view of his cock pumping in and out of her virgin hole. Each time his cock slid out, he could see splotches of blood on the shaft and tip, El's broken hymen, the proof of her virginity. "My dick is covered in your hymen blood... it's so hot. I'm the first one and I made you bleed all over my cock, the first time you're getting fucked and the proof of it is on my dick....Look down, El. Look at me taking your virginity. Look at my cock fucking your hymen blood in and out of your pussy...."

El did as she was told, both of them watching her pussy get split open for the first time, her hymen blood glistening on Mike's hard cock as he pumped it into her small opening over and over. It was so hot to see her lost virginity on Mike's dick, to see him fuck her own hymen blood back into her again and again and again that it finally sent El over the edge. It was different than any orgasm she had ever felt before, and El didn't think it could get any better, but it did, it was, so intense and deep inside her. "M-Mike...I think I'm cumming. I think - Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Her pussy started to twitch and clench, fluttering around Mike's slick

shaft. "That's it, El. Come all over my cock....I can feel your hole getting even tighter...shit, it's milking the cum right out my dick - !" Mike let out a strangled moan, falling on top of her and burying his head into the crook of her neck. El yelped out in pain as he bit into the soft flesh of her shoulder at the same time as he spurted his hot, thick cum into her pussy, sloppily slamming his cock into her, pushing her hips down into the mattress as his cum filled her pussy for the first time.

Mike stayed buried there, deep inside her, even after both of their orgasms had subsided. It was nice, feeling him there, stretching her out and filling her up with a part of him, she didn't want him to go.

But eventually he did, finally pulling out and collapsing heavily beside her on the small twin bed. Mike gingerly reached over and tugged her torn panties the rest of the way down her leg. It had stayed on her left thigh the entire time he was fucking her, and now the white cotton material was stained with her hymen blood, too. El reached for it, but Mike was quicker, slipping it into the top drawer of his nightstand by the bed.

"It's mine now," he said, "Just like your virginity."

El had just let him fuck her into the mattress, but it was only now that she felt herself blushing, flattered, embarrassed and turned-on (again) all at the same time. She didn't protest though, turning over on her side and trying to get into a comfortable position on the small bed.

I'm not a virgin anymore, she thought. Mike Wheeler took my virginity.

She wondered how many other girls could say the same thing. Were there a lot? Did he still like them? Would he still keep wanting to see her now –

"Hey El?" Mike mumbled into her shoulder, his arm swinging possessively over her waist and tucking her into his side. She had her back to him, and she couldn't see his face.

"Yeah?"

"It sucks that you have to stay at school all winter break."

"Yeah," El sighed. "I know."

"....Do you want to....come back home with me? For Christmas and stuff?"

El's eyes widened in surprise. She hadn't known if Mike would even care about her winter break plans, and the most she had expected was some sort of polite pity from him before he scattered off to his loving family for the holidays, like how all the other students had reacted, even Max. But...but he was inviting her to his home? To meet his family and spend the holidays with him? "What?"

"It's no big deal," he huffed all at once, speaking more quickly than she had ever heard him before, "It's a long drive and I need someone to keep me from getting bored. If you don't want to then whatever –"

"I want to. I – um, thanks, Mike. That'd be nice."

"Cool. Um...have your things packed by nine tomorrow." She felt him withdraw his arm and turn over on his other side, his back to her. "Night, El."

El tucked herself further into the covers, trying to quiet the sudden feeling of excitement bubbling through. It was stupid. He was just bored and lonely, like he'd said. He just felt sorry for her. It didn't mean anything.

Still, El was glad he wasn't facing her, so he couldn't see the stupid smile she couldn't seem to wipe off.

"Night, Mike."

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A/N: i'm ngl i'm not as enthused to write this story as i used to be. i used to be excited just to write low plot lots of smut chapters but now i think i need a little bit more drama to keep me interested. so expect some major drama/plot development/trouble in paradise in upcoming chapters to keep things interesting ?

12. revelations

A/N: set a little bit after "impasse." this chapter is set farthest down the timeline yet (after christmas, and after mike's drunken love confession).

i am starting the "jealousy/conflict" arc with this chapter. smut is becoming/will become less of a focus or more briefly written, though i doubt any chapter will be entirely smutless. the focus is just moving to more plot than smut now.

robin buckley shows up in this chapter and she has a few lines. she's still a few years older than mike and el, and she's still a lesbian.

thanks to stranger records for helping me flesh out this scenario! can't wait to read your (and all of yalls) comments and thoughts on this latest chapter.

XXXXX

It was only 9:30 in the morning, but El Ives was already bent over, getting her pussy pounded hard in front of not one, not two, but three different mirrors, giving her a nearly 360 degree view of herself getting fucked by Mike Wheeler.

They were in one of the dressing rooms at Modern Miss, one of the only stores near campus that sold halfway decent clothing for girls El's age. El had started working there a little before Christmas break. She'd had a bit of money saved over at the very start of the school year, but by the time Thanksgiving had rolled around, she was already broke. So she had answered the job listing, and now she was a part-time salesgirl, working alongside a nice older girl named Robin Buckley who used to go to the Catholic school herself, though she had been graduated for a couple years by now.

Thankfully, Robin was not at work yet. It was El's turn to open the store this weekend. Mike had driven her downtown to the shop, as he did most of the time. He and El spent most every night together now, and so Mike had just said it was easier to drop her off if she had a morning shift, or to pick her up if she had an evening one.

"Why do you need a job, anyway?" He had asked her once, as they drove through downtown in his convertible, on their way to the shop.

"I'm not rich like you are, Mike," she had told him. "The extra cash is nice. Besides, I'm trying to save up...." She trailed off, hesitating. She didn't know why. It had nothing to do with him. "....for this dress for the spring fling."

The Spring Fling was a big deal. The school was religious, and the students didn't get too many official dances a year. Homecoming and the Winter Formal had already passed, and El hadn't gone to either of those. Mike hadn't asked and neither had anybody else (though she did breathe a sigh of relief when she learned that Mike didn't go himself either, so it wasn't like he had gone with some other girl. "I don't do dances," he had said. "Dancing to bad music all night in a sweaty gym. What's the point?")

But Max had invited El to join her and Lucas at the Spring Fling, and El really wanted to go to a school dance, just once, even if she didn't have anyone to go with, and she was determined to look nice.

Not just nice. But like any other student at the school.

Well-heeled. Affluent. Rich.

And she was going to save up enough money to get an expensive dress and pass as one of them for a night if it killed her, and this job was going to help her do it.

Mike hadn't said anything when El told him the job was to help her save up money for a Spring Fling dress. He didn't ask to take her, and he didn't say whether or not he was going, either.

They had rode in silence until he finally pulled up to the shop, but to El's surprise, instead of backing up and driving off again, Mike had followed her into the store.

"Got an hour to kill before track meet," he'd said, as El moved around the store, flicking on the lights and getting the cash registers up and running. "That the dress you want?" He'd nodded at the baby pink silk dress in her arms, as El delicately moved it off to a corner in the

back, in the "layaway" section, and El had nodded with a dopey grin on her face, unable to hide her enthusiasm. Robin had said that it was okay to put the dress on layaway, so that some other girl couldn't take it before El had the chance to save up enough money for it.

After a while, Mike had wandered over to the underwear section, and El recalled with embarrassment that that part of the store also sold lingerie. She had been tasked to handle that section of the store once, and a few of the girls at the school had even asked her questions about which pieces to pick out, holding up see-through bras and lace panties, and El's face had been red the whole time, helping them pick out something for their boyfriends.

And now Mike was browsing through that same section, flicking past silk teddy's and garter belts, an amused look on his face.

Meanwhile, El had gone to the cash register, punching in her employee ID, when she felt Mike come up behind her, snaking an arm across her waist and pulling her away.

"I want you to try something on," he whispered in her ear.

"Mike..." El had tried to protest. "I have to open the store...."

"It doesn't officially open for another 30 minutes, El," Mike had said, his voice brokering no argument. He'd shoved something in her hands, an underwear set. "Put these on. I'll meet you in the dressing room."

El recognized that tone of voice. When Mike used that voice, she knew there was no point arguing with him. Plus, he was right. They still had nearly a half an hour until the store officially opened, and what could trying on some clothes hurt, if he wanted her to model something for him?

So a few minutes later, El found herself in the dressing room, where Mike was waiting for her. She came out shyly, her hands over her breasts, trying and failing to keep them covered up even though El knew it was pointless and Mike had seen it all so many times before, practically as familiar with her body as he was with his own by now.

"Mike...." El said, blushing. "This isn't my size...it's too small..."

It was true. The set Mike had picked out seemed ten sizes too small, as if the designer had run out of fabric. It appeared to be a bikini two-piece, except the top was so small it barely covered her nipples, leaving her generous mounds bare. And the bottoms, well...it was just a piece of string, wrapping around her hips and joining at her ass crack, where the string went down in between her ass cheeks and up and over her pussy. She could feel the string getting wedged in between her pussy lips, so thin it was like it was made to get swallowed up in between her folds, and on the front of her, the string rubbed against her clit uncomfortably, which only caused El to become embarrassingly wet, and that made it easier for the string to get swallowed up into her pussy lips even further, and she squirmed with both embarrassment and arousal as Mike pulled her by the wrist into one of the larger dressing rooms at the back, the one with the three-way mirror.

"It's your size, El," Mike chuckled, giving her body a long, hard once-over as she stood in front of him, her hands still over her breasts, shyly trying to cover them. "It's just a micro-bikini."

Before El could even ask what that meant, Mike had pounced on her, kissing her so hard she was sure he'd leave bruises on her lips, while his hand snaked down to grab at the string along her pussy, moving it back and forth over her engorged clit, getting her wetter and wetter.

"Mmmpphh..." was all she could manage to murmur against his lips as he shoved his tongue into her mouth, but El took it, she loved it, Mike taking control of her body, using her and making her feel so, so good.

He pushed the string repeatedly over her clit, and what was initially an uncomfortable sensation quickly became a pleasurable one, and El wriggled against him as he did it, trying to push her hips just so, so that more of the string would get swallowed up into her pussy. Mike sensed what she was trying to do though, and her efforts were thwarted when he hooked his fingers underneath the string and tore it aside, exposing her dripping and aching pussy completely.

Quick as a whip, he had her turned and bent over, facing the mirror.

She could see him behind her, unzipping his pants and lining himself up at her opening and then she felt him, pushing his way inside, sheathing his entire cock in her in one swift movement. El cried out as he began thrusting, immediately setting a punishing pace.

Mike's fingers dug into her hips, hooking his thumb underneath the little string and keeping it in place stretched over her bouncing ass. He let out a strangled groan, feeling her warm, tight pussy pulsate around his length each time he stroked into her.

"God, how are you still so tight?" he huffed, lost in the feel of her and nearly hypnotized by the jiggling mounds of her round ass. "Each time I fuck you it feels like the first time, like I'm taking your virginity over and over again..."

Mike knew the hornier he got the more aggressive he became, and he couldn't resist the urge to slap her ass hard as he fucked her raw from behind, the smacking sound echoing through the empty dressing area accompanied by El's yelps of pleasure and pain. Each time he slapped her bouncing ass, he did it hard enough to leave a red handprint on her soft flesh, marking her. The string that wrapped around her hips and slid down into her ass crack framed her ass nicely as he fucked her, and he grabbed fistfuls of her jiggling ass cheeks, forcing her down on his cock and sliding her ass up and down the length of his hard cock.

El could see it all in the 3-way mirror, Mike mercilessly pounding her from behind. He was practically holding her up by the hips, his fingers digging painfully into her soft flesh as he hammered into her pussy again and again and again, but he let go to reach over her breasts, using both hands to rip the tiny piece of fabric over her nipples down so that El's breasts were fully exposed, popping out and squeezed deliciously together by the sad excuse for a bikini top.

El could see her fat tits bouncing in the mirror, slapping together lewdly with the force of Mike's relentless thrusts. She watched as he grabbed her by both wrists, wrenching her arms back and locking them there, so that the only thing holding her up was Mike's hard cock slapping balls deep into her and his hands forcing her arms behind her back, pinning them there.

She was helpless, utterly helpless, unable to get out of Mike's grip even if she wanted to. With her arms shoved behind her back, El's breasts popped out even more, and as Mike picked up speed, jackhammering into her tight, warm pussy, her round tits smacked against one another loudly. It was then that El made eye contact with Mike, staring into his dark eyes in the mirror as he fucked her. It was so hot, looking at Mike through the mirror as she was being fucked, watching herself bounce on his dick from three different perspectives, Mike forcing her arms behind her back the entire time, as if she was watching a porno of herself getting violently fucked by Mike.

"Oh Mike...I'm gonna...I'm gonna...ohh...." El came over all over his cock, clenching down and fluttering all around him, making eye contact with him through the mirror the whole time.

"El, you fucking slut...." Mike hissed, angrily fisting one of her soft tits and squeezing so hard El cried out. "You keep looking at me as I fuck you because you love it. Don't you? Don't you?"

"Yes! I-I love it!" El keened as he stroked into her forcefully once, twice, three times, squeezing her sore tit the entire time. Then he abruptly pulled out, keeping his other hand wrapped around both of her tiny wrists, keeping her arms pinned tightly behind her back. The other released from her breast and went to his cock, jerking it at her ass as he spurted thick sticky streams of cum directly onto the soiled g-string gripping El's ass.

"Fuck ..." Mike hissed as he shot the last of his cum on the string, covering it and El's ass in semen. "We gotta....gotta buy this microbikini now." He laughed, admiring his cum on El's skin, pulling out and giving her red ass a sweet little peck.

"I didn't hurt you too bad, did I?" he asked, rubbing El's wrists where moments ago he had crushed his fingers over them.

El shook her head. It would purple and bruise later probably but she didn't mind. "No....I-I like it when you're rough..." she said, blushing.

He kissed the inside of her wrist softly. "God, you know how sexy you are? I love – I – " He seemed to catch himself, stumbling over his words suddenly. "I love – fucking you."

"Mike...." El trailed off, not knowing what to say. What had just happened there? For a moment she had thought that he was going to....it was almost like he wanted to say....

"El! You in here?"

Mike and El jumped apart at the sudden sound of Robin's voice, which was stupid, because it wasn't like her coworker could see them all the way back here or anything. It was sort of a relief though, and El could tell Mike thought the same, a welcome distraction from the sudden tension between them.

"Y-yeah! I'm here! Coming!" El quickly shimmied out of the microbikini and back into her clothes, leaving Mike to finish putting on his. As she reappeared from out of the dressing rooms, adjusting her top conspicuously, Robin raised an eyebrow at her.

That eyebrow only went higher when moments later, Mike followed her out of the dressing room too.

El looked up at Mike, then at Robin, then opened her mouth to explain. "Robin, I -, we - "

"Forget it, Ives," Robin rolled her eyes, turning back to the cash register and punching in her ID code, "I don't want to know. I just need you to go in the back and bring out the new spring collection for me asap. Gotta be setting up those new mannequins today."

"I, um, sure Robin," El said, grateful for the older girl's accepting attitude. Robin was so different than any of the girls at school, who always seemed so judgmental and gossipy. Robin never ever made El feel bad, not even on El's first day when she had messed up badly and gotten yelled at by a customer. Robin had even come to El's defense, telling the customer off for calling El a "retard" and banning them from the store. "I'll be right back."

El turned to Mike, giving him a peck on the cheek and speaking in hushed tones, feeling shy and not wanting Robin to overhear. "Thank you for the ride. See you tonight?"

"El, I always drive you to work, you don't have to thank me for it

every time," he scolded, though his eyes were amused, "And yeah, I'll see you tonight. The movie doesn't start til nine so I thought we could get something from Vito Trattoria? Unless you're sick of Italian."

"Ooh, no I want to try the lasagna this time."

"Alright, cool," Mike held up his hand, the microbikini she'd had on earlier for him bunched up in his fist, "Just gotta pay for this real quick."

"But Mike –" El interrupted. "It has...a stain..."

Mike had thought of everything though, holding up the tag in his other hand. "Don't worry, I cut the tag off. She can just scan it and we can save this for later." He winked at her and then grabbed her ass slyly. "See you later."

By the time El came back out with the stuff that Robin had wanted, Mike was already gone, and Robin was busy at the front, making sure everything was in order as the shop officially opened for the day.

Already a few early bird customers had wandered in, mostly girls from the school judging by their uniforms. El recognized a few of them as people from her classes, though she had never actually talked to any of them.

As Robin busied herself at the front ringing up some customers, El made her way over to the front, ready to clear away the old displays to make room for the new spring collection dresses. On her way she passed the layaway section...which was noticeably missing something. Something important.

My dress! El thought, in sudden panic, her head whipping around to see the customers Robin had just wrung up walking out of the store with big bags in their hands.

"Robin," El called, dashing up to the cash register area, where Robin was counting some receipts. "Did you – my dress – it's gone, those girls, did they..."

"Yeah," Robin said, "Sorry, kid. It's been sold already."

"What?" El was crestfallen. "But...but it was on layaway! I was so close to putting all the money together..."

She wasn't going to the Spring Fling now, not without a dress. She wasn't going to go in some ugly hand-me-down, either, because that's just what the people at school would expect of her. Their words echoed around in her head. Degenerate. Trash. How did she even get into this school?

"Yeah, your boyfriend Wheeler bought it," Robin said, completely deadpan. "Which is weird, because pink is so not his color."

"He – what?" El looked up in shock, before quickly catching herself. "And he's – not my boyfriend."

"Uh huh," Robin said, going back to her receipts nonchalantly, "Well, your not-boyfriend bought the dress just now, so there's no need to panic. Safe to say it's all yours kiddo."

After the second time hearing it, El was finally starting to process. The surprise faded into relief, and then giddiness. El finally allowed herself to feel it. Happy. Mike had bought it for her. She hadn't even needed to ask him. And...and if he had bought her the dress, then surely he was going to take her to the Spring Fling, his date. His....his girl...

"It is so weird to see him nowadays," Robin continued, interrupting El's embarrassing schoolgirl-with-a-crush train of thought, "I still think of him as that nerdy little kid with the weird hair and the Star Wars obsession. He's still not into Star Wars, is he?"

"No," El lied, thinking about Mike's extensive Star Wars collection back at his house.

"Well, when I was in high school, he was this scrawny little shrimp. Then all the sudden he comes back freshman year of high school and he's grown like two feet and developed some cheekbones and a jawline, and all the girls are throwing themselves at him." Robin snorted. "Whatever. He'll always be the nerdy little Star Wars kid to me."

El giggled. "Really? He was a...nerd before?"

"Oh yeah, big time!" Robin winked at her, "So don't let him jerk you around, alright kiddo? He's not such hot shit."

"He doesn't jerk me around..." El protested, suddenly feeling defensive. Maybe in the beginning, Mike hadn't been so nice to her, but...but he was real nice to her now, wasn't he?

"Hey, can you go check on those girls over by the coat section?" Robin continued on, oblivious. "They're totally messing up the racks over there."

El nodded, taking her leave of Robin and chewing on her words the whole time she walked over to the girls. They had their backs to El, giggling and gossiping and El was about to open her mouth to ask if she could help them when she heard her own name. They were gossiping about her.

"There's no way that Ives chick is Mike Wheeler's new girlfriend," Girl 1 said, speaking in hushed tones. "He doesn't do relationships. He told me so."

"Oh yeah?" Girl 2 interrupted, "I knew it! I knew he fucked you!"

"What's a matter, jealous? Yeah, Mike and I hooked up. He's a total fuck boy, though. Wouldn't commit, then just ghosted me one day."

"Rude."

"I know, right? Anyway, if he didn't want to be my boyfriend, there's no way in hell he'd be El Ives'. That's like...getting steak, and choosing to eat, well, trash."

The two girls broke into giggles at that, and El clenched her fists at her sides, growing increasingly angry. She hated hearing this, but it was like she couldn't stop herself. She hated to hear it but she needed to hear it, too.

"Oh but he's definitely fucking her though," Girl 2 continued.

"Oh yeah, but what do you expect? She probably does it for money

too, like an actual whore."

"She's not an actual whore, is she?" Girl 2 sounded scandalized.

"Duh! Of course she is. She's even less than a hook up, she's like his little fuck toy, always following him around, and then she shows up with all this jewelry he gets her, and a brand new laptop, and I heard he basically gives her cash every time he fucks her. It's disgusting. She's literally his whore, bought and paid for."

El could feel her face heating up, each word they said hitting her like the lash of a whip. Fuck toy. His whore. Bought and paid for. She thought of all the things Mike had given her, gifts he'd called them, and her school supplies, and how he always paid for dinner, and even today, her dress... and she wasn't even his girlfriend. He had never said it. Everything the girls said was true.

But Mike liked her for more than just sex. She wasn't his whore.

But you're not his girlfriend. He hasn't even asked you to the Spring Fling.

El chewed on her lip, so painfully she started to draw blood. Instead of helping the girls, she slunk away to the back of the store, a thousand thoughts swirling in her head.

She wasn't a whore. She wasn't. Was she?

A/N: i tried to establish that behaviorally, mike and el are acting like they are already in a relationship. they are spending every night together and they go out to eat and the movies and all the normal couples stuff, so it's gone far beyond just sex at this point. except mike won't admit it. and its finally starting to get to el.

the REAL drama is yet to come, though you got an inkling of that here.

pro tip: the longer the comments, the faster i update :) don't know what to write? tell me about your thoughts on character and plot, or even what you predict or hope to happen next.

13. changes

A/N: set right after "revelations."

surprise my lovelies! i got SO inspired by all your thoughtful questions about headcanons that i became SUPER motivated to finish up this chapter and get it out! i didn't think i would be able to do it until next week honestly!

this is my longest chapter in a long time. i don't usually write chapters this long. its also 1) mostly focused on plot. smut is minimal. and 2) the first half is entirely from mike's POV pretty much, so those of you who were wondering what's going on in mike's head...well now you know (a little bit) more

warning: there's ALOT of turbulence up ahead! just remember: mileven is end game :)

XXXXX

"Touch yourself, El. Finger your clit and make yourself cum on my cock on camera."

Mike thrusted desperately into his fist, his eyes moving back and forth between his computer screen and his cock, which was wrapped up in El's dirty panties. On the screen was the video he had made of himself fucking her over Christmas break, when he had gifted her with two sex toys and made her fuck herself with them on camera.

He had just gotten to the part where he'd had El straddle him facing the camera. Mike beat his dick as the image of El splayed open played on the screen, his cock disappearing into her hole repeatedly as her perky tits bounced around.

"Scream, El. I want you to scream!" his own voice shouted on screen.

"MIKE! Ah ! Mike! You fuck me so good!"

Mike's dick was throbbing in his hand. El's panties, the white ones she'd worn when he fucked her and took her virginity, was wrapped around the shaft of his cock, making the experience even more

intense. The red splotches of hymen blood were still visible on the thin cotton, bringing back memories of her blood still wet and warm on his dick as he had slid it in and out of her tight virgin pussy, El squirming and whimpering underneath him, taking cock for the first time.

"Fuck fuck fuck...." Mike groaned. He was about to cum, he could feel it. Quickly, he slid the blood-stained panties over the head of his cock, just in time, so that it caught all the thick ropes of cum he was spurting into it. The fabric darkened and wetted, soaking up all his cum.

When he was finally done, Mike looked down at the damp panties, now drenched in both El's hymen blood and Mike's cum, and the image nearly made him semi-hard again.

He realized then that he was panting, a little out of breath. He took the panties off his dick and closed the video out, right at the part where his on-screen self had cum all over El's neck and chest.

He'd never cum so hard from just jerking off before, but lately, it seemed as if everything to do with El made him feel electrified and excited, and not just when they were fucking, either. Just being around El made him feel high, like she was a drug he was becoming addicted to.

At first he'd thought it was just the sex. They had mind-blowing, kinky, dirty sex. El had let him try out every nasty fantasy his adolescent male brain could come up with, and best of all she seemed to get off on it, too, get off on submitting to Mike's every whim. And she was just the right amount of innocent, not so easy as to be boring but not a frigid prude either, and corrupting El's sweet innocence had gotten him off almost as much as the sex had.

And at first that was all there was to it. Seeing how far he could get her to go (turns out, very far), how many of her holes he could please himself with (turns out, all of them).

Except that eventually he found that he couldn't stop thinking about her. How her mouth dimpled at the corners a little bit when she smiled, especially when she felt shy. How she was always so sweet

and kind, even when he was being grumpy, even when he didn't deserve it. How she always tried her best in school even though she'd had a late start and how determined she was to do a good job, often staying up way past Mike, her head huddled in a textbook while he slowly drifted off to sleep beside her. How she always had a kind word for everyone, even when the world had treated her so cruelly.

And Mike was starting to realize, with dawning clarity, with each moment that he spent with her, that it wasn't the sex he was getting addicted to; it was El Ives.

And that was fucking frightening.

He didn't want to be addicted to anything. Some kids at school drank, some smoked, and others popped pills. Mike Wheeler's vice had always been sex. And unlike drugs and booze, sex was something that Mike felt put him in control, instead of the other way around. He controlled things in bed, and he controlled things outside of it. Academics, track, money, girls, it was all in the palm of his hand, on his terms.

Being in love? That was being out of control, completely. It was a floodgate of feelings that he couldn't stop, it was vulnerability and exposure, trust and need. It was giving yourself up to somebody else, it was – it was –

It was happening.

A part of him wanted to run away, to shut her out, to deny, deny, deny.

The other part of him grabbed his wallet off the nightstand and took out two tickets. Shake off those winter blues and put on your dancing shoes! Spring Fling 2020!

It was going to be his first dance ever. Though not for lack of trying by the girls at school. He'd just never been interested.

He still wasn't interested. But...

It was important to El.

He'd already given her the dress that she'd been saving up for. And he had the tickets bought, burning through his wallet, for a few days now. Trying to get up the courage to ask her, feeling like a loser who'd never talked to a girl in his life. It would be funny if he didn't find it all so fucking terrifying.

He was so lost in his thoughts that he nearly jumped out of his skin when an abrupt knocking came from outside his dorm room door.

El, he thought. She'd texted him about 15 minutes ago, telling him she'd stop by after checking out some books at the library.

"Shit," he cursed under his breath. He wasn't expecting her so soon, they must have already had her books on order. Scrambling, he quickly shoved the tickets and her dirty panties into the top drawer of his night stand, rushing to the door while combing a hand through the tangled mess of curls on his head, feeling a bit of nervous energy and excitement, which was stupid, because what was there to be nervous about? He didn't get nervous, and especially not around girls.

"Hey," he said, not able to help the stupid grin that came over his face despite himself. "Didn't expect you so soon – Stacey!"

Stacey Albright was standing outside his door with a sickly sweet smile on her face. It was as fake as the double D tits she had gotten as a birthday gift to herself last year. "Were you expecting somebody else?" Without waiting for his reply, Stacey strolled right into his room, bumping the door closed with her hip on the way in.

"Stace, I don't have time for this," Mike said, thinking about El. She'd be here soon, and he didn't want her to find Stacey in his room. "You gotta leave..."

"So this is what your room looks like," Stacey continued, turning her back and walking even further into the room, looking around. She had completely ignored his remark. "I almost forgot."

"And now you remember," Mike said, following after her. "So now you can go –"

"Not before I give you your present," she interrupted, abruptly

whirling back on him. "Your thank you present." She walked closer, undoing the buttons down her shirt the whole time. "I got an A on the trig exam, thanks to your notes." She got down to the last button on her blouse, then peeled it open for him. She was wearing a black bra with open cups underneath, so that her large fake boobs spilled out. "Touch me, Mike? You used to love touching me."

Jesus fucking Christ, this chick. Aggressive was an understatement.

Mike didn't say anything, but he did move forward, getting close enough to Stacey so that her breasts nearly brushed his chest.

"You're right, Stace. I used to love touching you." His breath fanned over her face softly, and Stacey closed her eyes. "Key words being: used to."

Stacey's eyes popped back open. "What?"

The look she gave him as he dragged her back over to the door was one of utter confusion. She obviously had not expected that response.

"Glad you aced your test, thanks for the update. Now button yourself back up and leave."

"Mike -"

For a moment, Stacey just stood at his door, dumbfounded. Then the look of confusion in her eyes melted away and turned into something else. Anger.

"Oh my God," she huffed, pulling her shirt back over her breasts. "I didn't want to believe what everybody was saying. I didn't think you'd actually stoop that low. But it's true, isn't it?"

Mike sighed. What bullshit was she going to spew now? "What's true?"

"Don't act like you don't know what people have been saying about you. You and that white trash girl – Elle? Ellen?"

"El," Mike corrected. "Her name's El."

"Right, whatever. El. The point is, everyone's been saying you're obsessed with her now. It's disgusting, Mike. Like, isn't she a little slow in the head? What – do you get off on that kind of thing?"

Mike rolled his eyes. In truth, he had heard about some of the things being said about him, and about him and El. He wasn't deaf. The school was small and full of toxic shitbags with too much time and money on their hands. Every couple months new rumors and gossip would swirl about someone else or other, and now it was Mike's turn. Par for the course with the brats at this school. "She's not slow, Stacey. But I'm beginning to think you are," he retorted, and was pleased to see her look offended. "Look, I didn't wanna go there, but honestly? I'm tired of you. And this? Is boring me. Now leave."

"People don't get tired of me, Wheeler!" Stacey countered, a little desperately, it seemed to him. She was one of the most popular girls at the school, and Mike guessed that she wasn't used to being on the receiving end of rejection. "Did you fall for her fake innocent good girl act? Is that it?" Stacey continued, buttoning her shirt back up, but it wasn't fast enough for Mike. He grabbed her by the wrist and flung open his door, practically dragging her across the threshold.

Just as he had finally managed to pull her outside, she caught him surprise again when she leaned in, whispering into his ear. "Good girls get boring, Mike. Call me when you come back to your senses."

///

El hugged her books close to her chest, and walked down the hall a little faster, eager to see Mike.

The credit card he had given her last week seemed to burn a hole in her pocket as she walked along. He had totally sprung it on her, and El had been taken aback. She hadn't wanted to take it at first.

"There's no limit on it, so you don't have to stress about keeping track," he'd told her. "But I've seen your spending habits, and I'm pretty sure you won't spend me into bankruptcy anyway, right?" he had joked. It was true though, growing up poor meant that El was hyperaware of money, and spent it frugally, out of habit if nothing else.

"Mike – I can't take this!"

"Why not?"

Mike trusted her not to take advantage, and she wouldn't, not ever, but it was a big deal, nonetheless. Mike like to gift her a lot of things, but this was different.

"It's just – it's too much! And besides, I already have a job, I can make my own money –"

"That job barely covers your living expenses, El. When I can't drive you, you still have to take the bus. You still sew up your bookbag and clothes when they get torn, instead of just buying new ones, like everyone else does. It's just, um -" Mike broke off, trying to find the right words. He looked pensive, but El wasn't sure of the other emotions behind his eyes. "It's just, I want you to feel comfortable. To not have to worry about money."

"But -"

"Just take it, El," Mike said, his voice brokering no argument. Then he shrugged, "It's not like I can't afford it."

El had tucked the credit card into her pocket after that, and Mike had seemed pleased. Still, she couldn't help but continue to feel a little uneasy about it all.

I heard he basically gives her cash every time he fucks her. The cruel girl's words echoed around in her head. It's disgusting. She's literally his whore, bought and paid for.

El tried to push her words aside. What did it matter if he had given her a credit card? That didn't mean that he was paying her for anything, he just wanted to help her, he didn't see her as someone he could own or buy.... Right? Right?

But all thought dropped from El's brain, unfinished, like dead weight the moment she rounded the corner and saw them.

Mike. Stacey. Mike with Stacey.

She was pressed up against him, just outside his doorway, as if she had been in his room the whole time and was just now leaving. She was whispering something in his ear, or kissing his cheek, El couldn't tell. Mike's expression was unreadable, and then Stacey moved away, turning around to go.

Her shirt was half unbuttoned, so that her plentiful cleavage showed, and El could see she was wearing a special bra underneath, just a black ribbon that disappeared into the curve of her cleavage and dipped down into her blouse.

Stacey noticed El then, but she didn't stop or say anything. She just winked, flashing a smug little smile at El, then walked off the other way, rounding the corner and disappearing from view.

El stared after her. Her brain felt like it was incapable of forming thought at that moment. All she was aware of was a dead sunken feeling in the pit of her stomach, that only seemed to grow, and grow, and grow.

She didn't know how long she stared down the long empty hallway after Stacey had gone, but when she looked back up again, Mike had finally noticed her.

He was still at the threshold of his door and for a moment they locked eyes, both of them apparently dumbfounded. Mike definitely looked like he hadn't expect to see El standing there.

El snapped out of it first. Before she could give him a chance to say something or walk towards her, El turned tail and fled back from where she had come from. Unfortunately for her, Mike's longer legs meant that he easily caught up with her in no time, catching her by the arm and spinning her around.

"El – wait. It's not what you think," he said, and his voice sounded so earnest she almost believed him. Almost.

"Oh." El didn't fight him. instead she just slumped over, her eyes downcast. "Then what was it Mike? What were you and Stacey doing?" Her voice was small and wavering.

Mike told her the truth. "She came by unannounced, barged her way in, and wouldn't leave. Yes, she wanted to hook up, but she unbuttoned her own shirt, El. You caught me kicking her out!"

El didn't say anything for a long time. She never looked up at him once. "You must think I'm really stupid, huh?" It came out in a whisper, barely audible. "Just like everybody else in this stupid school."

"What? El, no - "

El felt totally defeated. She felt like a fool. "It's okay, Mike. I know you never said I was your girlfriend, so of course you're still seeing other girls."

"El - "

But she wasn't going to be interrupted. "I should have known. I kept thinking maybe...maybe everyone was wrong." A droplet of water fell down her cheek, and El realized she was crying. "Stupid. I was so stupid."

"El, nothing was going on between me and Stacey!" Mike brushed a hand through his hair, feeling frustrated. It was hard to see El like this. He hated to see her cry. "And I haven't been seeing other girls. Not for a long time."

It was the truth, but it only seemed to make El angry.

"Stop lying!" El yanked herself out of Mike's grip, and took a step back from him. He'd never seen her like this before. She was so upset, and it scared him. It wasn't that he was scared of her, but of his own emotions finally bubbling up to the surface. It hurt him to see her this way, and to know that he was the cause of it, and that freaked him out more than anything. Plenty of other girls had gotten angry at him before, worse than this, but he never cared one way or the other. He didn't care if they cut him off or stopped speaking to him. But he found himself, for the first time, terrified that El would do just that.

"I know this is what you do. Plenty of people have told me so. I guess I just thought I was different. But I know now that I'm not." She

laughed bitterly. "After all this time, you haven't even asked me to the Spring Fling."

Mike flinched at that. Everything was so fucking stupid. He had the tickets burning a hole through his wallet back in his room, but now it was too late, too fucking late, because he had been too much of a pussy to swallow his pride and just ask her. "I bought the tickets, El. I was going to ask you! And the dress! I got you the dress. What did you think? Of course I was gonna take you to Spring Fling!" Mike snapped, feeling increasingly defensive. "I haven't been seeing Stacey or anyone else. I'm not interested in any other girl except you. Do I need to say it out loud?"

"Yes!" El retorted almost immediately. "Yes! That would be nice once in a while!"

They stared at each other for a long time, at an impasse. All the secret fears, the hidden resentments, the words that had remained carefully unspoken for months between them, all of them, spilling out now.

All except for one.

She was turning to go.

"Wait—" His last chance. "El - I love you."

But it was too late.

"I don't believe you," she said. "I don't believe you."

"El...please...." Was he begging? Mike Wheeler didn't beg.

"You say you love me but you can't even call me your girlfriend." Her words felt like a punch to his gut. "All you do is have sex with me and then give me money. Jewelry. A credit card. Paying me. You treat me like a whore, not a girlfriend."

El reached into her pocket and took out the credit card he had given her. Then her hands went up behind her neck, and she unclasped the amethyst necklace he had given her for Christmas. "You think money can solve everything. You think you can buy me. Well, you can't." She

grabbed his hands, and slid the necklace and card into them.
"Goodbye, Mike."

She turned her back to him and walked down the hall, disappearing around the corner. Mike watched her go.

The necklace felt cold in his hands. He felt cold, too.

///

Jacob Schwartz was a nice boy. He was in Physics with her and Mike, and he was El's only friend in World History. No one else, aside from Max and Mike, really talked to El in class, apart from Jake.

At first, he had tried to talk to her lots in Physics too, but Mike sat between them and always butted in, each and every time Jake tried talking to her, so that he had basically given up trying to interact with her at all after a while.

But Mike wasn't in World History with them. Jake chose the seat next to hers, and they always chatted before and after class. Jake was nice, just like Max was, and he never looked down on El or asked her uncomfortable questions like "What was it like in foster care?", "Are you on welfare?" and "I heard your dad kept you in a cage, is that true?"

He was always patient and respectful with her, and he helped her in World History just as much as Mike did, though El never shared this with Mike. She got the sense that Mike really didn't like Jake for whatever reason. Sometimes she wondered if it might be because he felt threatened or jealous of Jake for trying to talk to her, but she wasn't sure how plausible that was. Maybe it was just wishful thinking, proof that Mike cared about her enough to even feel jealous. But really....it probably wasn't true, because what was there to be jealous of? Nothing was going on between her and Jake.

"So...would you wanna go to Spring Fling? With me?"

"What?" El blinked up at Jake, not sure if she had heard him right. They had just been talking after class, as they usually did, and somehow the conversation had gotten around to Spring Fling, and

then somehow...it had gotten to here.

El wasn't sure what to say, and there was a long awkward silence between.

"I mean – unless, you're already going with someone," Jake let out a nervous laugh, his words coming out quickly and all at once. "Like Mike or something, I mean – you probably are, sorry – forget it, I didn't mean –"

"No!" El interrupted, a little too severely. "No, I'm not going with Mike. Not at all."

It was true. She hadn't spoken to Mike in nearly three days. No calls, no texts, no social media. It was a complete black out. Not like Mike had tried contacting her, either. Which was fine. Which was his prerogative. If he wanted to cut her out too, then she could give as good as she got.

The silence was stretching out awkwardly again. Jake coughed into his hand. "Well in that case, - if you're not going with anyone – I was thinking...would you be my date, El?"

He seemed so nervous just asking her that simple question. Jake was not at all like Mike. Just the opposite, actually.

Jake was blonde where Mike was dark-haired. He was sweet and shy where Mike was cold and forward. He'd never even kissed her, or held her hand, and already he had done more to pursue her than Mike had in months. At least Jake had actually asked El out to Spring Fling, had actually said the words.

"Jake, I'd....I'd love to," El replied, and Jake's face immediately lit up. He liked El, and he didn't need to hide it from other people. "But....I can't. I mean – that is to say... I can't go with anyone. I can't afford to anymore. I'm – I'm sorry."

It was so embarrassing having to explain the reason why she could no longer go. Telling people that she was too poor to go was worse than telling them that nobody had asked her out. Ashamed, El quickly gathered up her books and started for the door.

"El – wait!" Jake called after, but El hardly heard him. She wanted to just be away from everyone and everything, including all the confusing feelings that were bubbling up inside her.

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"Why so glum, sugar plum?"

El had shown up to work looking like hell. For starters, she had been 15 minutes late, her eyes were puffy and red like she'd been crying all night, and the bus had dropped her off instead of Wheeler in his obnoxious convertible.

Her shoulders slumped as she walked into the store carrying a brown paper bag that carried their shop logo on it. Robin knew something was definitely up though, when El had pulled out the silky pink dress Wheeler had bought her and brought it back to the counter.

"I'm returning the dress, Robin."

"Oh, I see. Let me guess – it didn't fit Wheeler across the shoulders?"

El gave Robin a look. "Don't make fun. I just – need you to credit Mike his money back."

Uh oh. Yikes. It seemed to Robin that there was trouble in paradise.

"You okay, kid?" she asked, her tone softening. "What did that little shitheel do this time?"

"He – " El looked like she was about to burst into tears. "Nothing. I don't want to talk about it. I just can't wear the dress that he bought me anymore. I don't want his money."

Robin didn't ask any more questions. She just took the dress and started to punch some numbers in the register.

"Well...I hope you can still go to the dance, kid. Fuck Wheeler, don't let him cause you to miss out."

El shook her head sadly. "I-I can't. Not anymore. Without the dress...I don't have anything to wear. I can't afford anything."

"Weren't you saving some money to buy this thing before Wheeler up and bought it anyway?

"Yeah...but it wasn't enough. I was still..." El sniffled, counting on her fingers. They got paid by the hour, 8 dollars an hour. "...Sixteen hours short of earning enough. There's not enough time now. The dance is tomorrow night."

"Um El...." Robin raised an eyebrow at her.

"Yeah?"

Robin was punched some more numbers into the register. "Are you aware that..." punch punch punch "...with your employee discount...." punch punch punch "You've earned enough to buy the dress and also 36 dollars?"

El's eyes widened. "I – what?"

"Yeah!" Robin's face broke into a grin. It was about time the kid caught some kind of a break. "The dress is still yours, Ives! And you earned it!"

It was the first good news since the split with Mike. El felt herself smiling, genuinely smiling, for the first time. The dress was hers, fair and square. Not Mike's, not bought with Mike's money, but hers, earned through her hard work, time, and effort.

She didn't need Mike.

El took out her secondhand iPhone, and punched in a number.

"Hi...Jake? About the dance...did you still wanna go? I mean, with me."

Robin sat back, confused but a little amused. First an apparent split with Wheeler, and now the kid apparently already had another date lined up. Enter Jake.

"Great," El nodded, beaming. "Yes, that sounds perfect. I'll – I'll see you at 7 tomorrow, Jake. I-I can't wait."

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A/N: so some of yall had been clamoring for el to stand up for herself and assert herself to mike. well, here it was. i hope you liked it, and if not, don't judge el too harshly. she's hurt, confused, and just trying to have more of a backbone for herself and move on. can you blame her? we all rebound.

the next chapter will continue these events directly. we will keep going until we finish this arc out! and yes, we will see them at the dance, dont you worry... more drama is yet to come.

and yes, jake s. is modeled after jacob sartorius XD just imagine his lil face when you read about jake in this AU lol

and FINALLY a note on time (again). i will be taking a break after this chapter. i need to move housing soon and so you can imagine my time is gonna get even more scarce (or non existent). expect 3 weeks to a month for the next chapter. have patience and be kind as always. ty loves.

14. spring fling

A/N: continues the events of "changes." mike and el are on the outs.

THANK YOU so much to everyone for their patience! i'm still in moving mode (i live in new york, and finding affordable housing is NOT easy, so i anticipate being in moving mode for months fyi because thats how long it can take) but more than that this time around, i had a bit of writer's block. it took me some time to find a way to work around it, and i'm still not 100% happy with the end result, but what can you do? i feel i've hit all the major plot points i needed to hit though. there will probably be one more chapter to wrap this arc up, and then i might go back to some more smutty interludes, before wrapping the entire fic up with one last multi-chapter arc. i hope you guys enjoy.

XXXXXX

"Can I get you some more punch, El? ...El?"

El blinked, and Jake's face came back into focus, all blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked. He was looking at her expectantly, as if he had been trying to get her attention for a while.

"What?" El hadn't heard him. She looked down at her feet, ashamed. What was wrong with her? Here she was, finally at her very first dance, with the perfect dress on, with a handsome, kind boy who couldn't stop telling her how much he adored her, and she was being so rude and inattentive.

"I-I'm sorry, Jake," El said, trying to snap herself out of it. "Yes, I'd love some punch, please."

Jake's face lit up into a relieved smile, like a puppy dog that'd just been reassured. "Sure thing, El. I'll be right back."

She nodded, her eyes following him as he made his way over to the refreshments, all the way on the other of the increasingly packed auditorium.

People were really beginning to pour in now, and slowly but surely, El's eyes began to drift away from Jake and towards the wide double-doored entrance, where group after group of students were still streaming in.

"I know you're not looking for Mike Wheeler, right?"

Max Mayfield, never one to mince her words, appeared suddenly in front of her, blocking El's view of the entrance. The redhead was in muted powder blue, though her sharp edges were as cutting as ever.

"What? No – " El bristled, feeling defensive. She had been very much looking for Mike Wheeler. She could have kicked herself. "I don't even want to think about him, thank you very much."

It was the truth. She didn't want to think about Mike, but she was. She had been looking for him since she'd arrived, scanning the room for a sign of him, feeling a rush of relief when she realized he wasn't there, a relief that died quickly when her attention turned automatically to every person that came through the entrance thereafter, thinking it might be him.

She hadn't seen him since she'd dropped the necklace he'd gotten her for Christmas, the one she'd worn around her neck every single day, back into his hands and walked away.

She honestly didn't know how she'd handle seeing him again.

He'd gotten tickets to the dance, he'd told her so.

Two tickets, she thought. He'd either come with a date, or not at all.

Who will she be? She'd wondered. Stacey? Jennifer? Madison? There had been so many girls. He'd have his pick.

And somehow it didn't matter that El was here with someone else, too. She felt like a hypocrite. Like a coward. But it cut her all the same. The thought that Mike could be with someone else. The thought that Mike would be with someone else.

"Who are we trying not to think about? Mike?" Lucas asked, suddenly appearing beside Max, his hand casually snaking its way around her

best friend's waist.

"No - " El started.

"So we are trying to think about Mike?"

"No!" Both girls erupted, Max giving her boyfriend an exasperated look.

"Sorry, sorry – bad joke," Lucas deferred, putting his hands up in mock surrender.

"Yeah but – Wheeler's not coming, right? Reassure El here a little, Lucas, jeez!"

"How am I supposed to know?" Lucas said, swishing the punch around in his cup. "I'm not his keeper."

"You're his best friend – for some reason," Max huffed, crossing her arms. "Which is still beyond me."

"Alright, alright," Lucas set his drink down on the table, loosening his bow tie a little. El could tell they'd had this same conversation many times before, and Lucas wanted to get the conversation back on Mike before it snowballed into something else entirely. "All I know is the plan was supposed to be you and me, and him and El. But now you know...." Lucas gestured vaguely towards the refreshment area, where Jake was still in line, politely waiting for his turn at the punch bowl, "...and all he's told me was that the double date at the dance thing was off. Obviously. I haven't heard jack shit from him about it, otherwise. I bet Mike's not even coming anymore, he hates dances, so El, you don't have to worry about running into ..." Lucas trailed off suddenly, his eyes moving off to something behind El.

El followed his gaze, turning her head in time to catch a loud raucous of laughter coming from the entrance. A big group of people had just arrived – the royalty of the junior class (and El had heard, some of them were actual royalty) – the most popular, beautiful, and rich of the class of 2021. The captain of the football team was there, with his girlfriend the cheer captain, along with most of the football and swim teams, followed by the track team. Mike's teammates and friends. El

felt her throat go dry.

Stacey emerged next, along with her bestie Jennifer, looking as beautiful and untouchable as ever, and on their arms were – were -

El let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding in.

Not Mike.

El didn't recognize either of their dates, though they were both blandly handsome in a pleasing and entirely forgettable way.

"See?" Max started to say behind her, "No Wheeler –"

But of course, her friend had spoken too soon.

Behind Stacey and Jennifer, the elite of the school continued to stream through, but it seemed to El that they all parted for him.

He wasn't dressed in anything fancy. His tux and bow tie matched the ensemble of nearly every boy in the auditorium. He could have easily blended in with any one of them, forgettable and forgotten.

But when he entered the room, El wasn't the only one to turn her head. And though she still thought, despite herself, that he was the most beautiful thing in the room, she supposed that she couldn't give him all of the credit for everyone's attention.

Because Mike Wheeler hadn't shown up to the dance with a date.

He had shown up with two.

Two petite, curvy blondes that El only recognized in passing, tucked into the crook of each arm, both hanging off of him as he walked into the auditorium, cool as a cucumber as if it was the most normal thing in the world to do, to turn up to a heavily religious Catholic school dance with a polyamorous arrangement.

Some people looked shocked, or disgusted. But that was more the exception, rather than the rule.

Most people looked amused, or downright impressed. The girls on

Mike's arm certainly didn't seem to mind. They didn't appear jealous or competitive with each other at all, both seeming to completely accept the fact that they were sharing Mike Wheeler for the night.

El watched as one of them whispered something into Mike's ear and giggled, making Mike chuckle lightly as he squeezed the hip of the one on his other side, causing her to squeal and join in on the giggling too.

El felt nauseous.

"Your drink?"

"Huh?" El started, whirling around at the sound of Jake's voice.

He held out the cup to her, looking concerned. "The punch....forget it. Is everything - " She couldn't help but notice his eyes dart over to where Mike and the others were sitting. "...okay?"

El felt horrible. The entire time they'd been here, she'd hardly minded Jake at all, so pre-occupied with Mike, Mike, Mike. It was pathetic. And it was unfair to Jake, who had come here to be with her, who had done nothing all night but make sure she was comfortable and looked after and having a good time.

"I'm sorry Jake. I know I've been distracted all night."

"No – it's fine." Jake's eyes darted towards Mike again. "I just want you to have a good time."

"I am," El insisted, grabbing his hands. She hoped it would reassure him, but her voice sounded forced even in her own ears. "I am." She tried again, more firmly this time. "Do you – want to dance?"

Jake looked surprised, but happy. He nodded enthusiastically. "I'd love to," he said, taking her hand and leading her out to the dance floor.

El felt like everyone was staring at them, at her, as she put her arms over Jake's shoulders and felt his hands on her hips, but tried her very best to ignore it all and just focus on Jake as they started to sway softly to the music.

Jake was trying to make small talk the whole time, telling her how beautiful she looked in that dress, how the color perfectly complemented her, cracking jokes about the taste of the punch and the cheesy music, and to someone looking in, it would seem that El was having a wonderful time, giggling at Jake's easy banter, huddling up close against him to whisper in his ear, resting her head softly on his shoulder.

But in another part of her mind El was far away, and she wasn't sure she'd even heard half of the things he'd been saying, her mind and body on autopilot. All that she was keenly aware of was the distinct feeling of being watched, being whispered about, being judged.

Every once in a while she could see, out of the corner of her eye, people stealing glances at her as she and Jake swayed together. Sometimes she thought she caught passing whispers – he's with two! – she must be so jealous – how embarrassing – like used up sloppy seconds – but more than anything, more than the whispers and the sneaky looks, she knew Mike was watching, too. She felt it like a hole burning into her back. It was the same feeling she'd gotten that first day of class, the first time she'd ever met him, when he had just stared and stared at her so intensely he made her feel naked, like he was seeing right through her clothes.

It was the exact same feeling now.

She could feel his eyes on her, and every time she dared sneak a glance over in his direction – he'd been staring right back at her.

Just like he was doing now.

Blonde 1 was perched on his lap, laughing at something the cheer captain was saying, while Blonde 2 was practically draped over him, whispering something in Mike's ear that caused him to smirk.

His eyes never left El's the whole time. It was like he was daring her to break eye contact first.

Blonde 2, finished with whatever she was whispering in his ear, began to pepper kisses all down the side of his face, until Mike was finally the one to break eye contact first.

He turned his head to the side, Blonde 1 still on his lap, and buried his fingers in Blonde 2's hair, pulling her down to meet his lips, their mouths parting –

"Oh!" El cried out, feeling as if she'd just been physically gut punched, burying her face in Jake's shoulder.

"I'm sorry - ! Did I – did I step on your foot?" Poor Jake looked panicked, thinking he'd actually hurt her.

"I'm sorry, Ihavetogotothebathroom," El let out all in a rush, not giving Jake a chance to reply. She had to get out of there, get away from all of these people, looking at her, talking about her, judging her. And – and Mike. It was so humiliating. It was so hurtful. It was so stupid.

She made a beeline for the bathroom and was there in seconds, finding it blissfully empty, to her immense relief.

She was okay. She would be okay. She just needed a few minutes to gather herself, take some deep breaths, get her bearings.

She was going to have a good time. She wasn't going to let him ruin it. He was just showing her why she didn't want to be with him in the first place.

El took three deep breaths, trying to calm her nerves.

It had hurt to see Mike, hurt to see him move on, move on with multiple people at the same time. But when the shock and the hurt wore off, El realized that all she was left with was anger.

It felt like he was taunting her, like he was rubbing it in her face. As if showing up with one blonde bimbo wasn't enough. Of course Mike Wheeler had to show up with two, just to drive the point home.

El took one last glance in the mirror, re-adjusted the straps on her dress, and pulled the neckline down a little farther, revealing her ample cleavage. ("Someone as petite and slender as you are has no business with boobs that big," Max had said to her once, and El wasn't sure if it was meant to be a compliment or an insult.)

El took one last slow breath, and then marched back out into the lounge area, ready to dive back into the fray. She had already experienced the worst of it now, she was sure. Mike with two girls, making out with one of them right in front of her and the whole school. What could be worse than that?

"Jesus," someone collided into her, so hard it nearly knocked the breath out of her, "Watch where you're fucking going."

This. This was worse than that.

It was Mike. Because of course it was.

He had his hand on her arm, having grabbed it when she had walked straight into him.

Furious, El jerked out of his grip. "Don't touch me," she huffed. He was being so mean and rude, and well, she could give back as good as she got. What did he have to act all mad about, anyway? El had done nothing wrong.

She went to move past him, wanting to be done with him and this moment, but of course he would never make it that easy.

He didn't reach out to touch her again, but the next thing he said might as well have been a slap to the face. "That's rich of you to say, after all the things you begged me do to you."

El saw red. She whirled around, turning on him. "You're disgusting. Just go back to your two groupies and leave me alone!"

She was trying to keep her voice low, but it was so hard. Fortunately, the dance was really starting to get going, and no one was in the lounge area but her and Mike. And it was so hard to keep from being mad at him. The fact that he didn't seem to be mad at all only made her more furious.

Mike chuckled. He actually chuckled. "Leave you alone? Don't flatter yourself, El. I was just trying to take a fucking piss."

"Oh right, like you haven't been staring at me all night like a creep! Don't think I haven't noticed!"

What was wrong with her? Why couldn't she just walk away? Each word they were exchanging just made her more and more angry, but it was like she couldn't stop.

"You haven't noticed what?" Mike retorted, not missing a beat. "That I don't have time to think about you, let alone look at you, because I've got both my hands full tonight? Why don't you spend less time checking up on me and more time with that dead-eyed Jimmy Olsen guy - "

"His name is Jake Schwartz! - "

"Right. Jake Schwartz. Has Jake Schwartz fucked you yet, El?"

El recoiled as if stung. "Fuck you. Jake's not like that."

Mike was advancing on her slowly, and despite herself, El found herself walking backwards. "Oh yeah? So what is he like? Soft and slow, missionary style? Or um, let me guess. He's waiting for marriage?" Mike laughed, and he was so close that El could feel his breath on her face. Then he was leaning down, and El closed her eyes, in fear or anticipation, she couldn't tell.

"Whatever he's like," Mike whispered in her ear, and El shivered, "I know he'll never be as good as me. He'll never touch you like I do. He'll never make you cum like I do."

And then, just like that, he was walking away from her, calm as can be, as if nothing had happened.

El rushed after him, her blood racing, her skin on fire. She caught his arm and stopped him, whirling him back around to face her.

And she slapped him. Again and again and again.

Then she kissed him.

Her mouth on his, pressed furiously, desperately against him. She didn't know if she wanted to fuck him or kill him, or maybe both, but Mike responded in kind.

He pressed her hard against a wall, his mouth everywhere, and El

would have let him fuck her right then and there, right in the lounge for everyone to see, but Mike at least still had some sense, half dragging her back into the women's bathroom, which was still empty, his mouth leaving hers for only a few seconds to push a lounge chair up against the entrance. If any girls had to pee right now, they'd have to wait or use the men's room.

"I knew it," Mike breathed into her mouth, her lips swollen from his bruising kisses, "I knew you still wanted me."

"Don't flatter yourself," El echoed his words from before, cupping the obvious bulge in his pants. "You want to fuck me so bad."

Mike growled, pinning her hands painfully at her sides. "So what if I do? So what if I want to rip this dress off you and use that tight pussy up until I cum? Huh? Is that what you want? To be my dirty used up cumslut?"

El's was on fire. Not just from arousal, but from anger. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt before. It emboldened her. "Who's to say you aren't my cumslut, Mike? I want your cock. Satisfied? Fuck me, Mike. Make me cum!"

Without preamble El hitched her dress up past her waist, pulling her panties hastily to the side. She was already so wet, and when she lifted herself off the floor, straddling Mike by the hips, he easily slid home, sheathing himself all the way inside in one punishing stroke.

"Ah! Fuck!" She had missed the feel of his cock, so, so much.

Mike lost himself in her, wasting no time, pounding away in a crazed frenzy. He was never the soft and gentle type, but all nicety was gone between them now. It was like they were enemies, but instead of fighting, they were fucking, and he was taking out all of his frustrations on her poor tight little pussy, ramming himself into her again and again and again, mercilessly. It was painful and perfect, and El came again and again and again, each twitch of her pussy leaving Mike closer and closer to his own climax.

"Take my cum, El," Mike panted, pulling out of her abused cunt, pushing El down on her knees. She went down on them willingly,

taking him into her mouth without being asked, looking into his eyes the entire time he fucked her.

"Unghhh..." Mike groaned, releasing load after load of his hot, white cum down her velvet throat, and El took all of it, gulping it all down like the greedy little cumslut he always knew she was.

"Fuck....fuck..." Mike panted, falling back against the wall.

El wiped at the corner of her mouth. On wobbly legs, she meandered over to the mirror, re-applied her lipstick, fixed her hair, and re-adjusted her dress. Then, she went over to the entrance, moved the chair away, and walked out of the bathroom, not saying a single word to Mike.

// /

It was like it had never happened.

She had just left him there, in the bathroom by himself, making Mike feel like the used up one.

And when he had finally rejoined the others back at the dance ("Where did you go?" Kathy had asked, pouting), El was already back in Jake's arms, where she spent the rest of the night. Dancing, talking, getting punch. She never left that little twerp's side.

She was smiling. She looked happy. She was dancing with him right now, and it was the last song of the night. It was a slow dance, and Mike bunched his fists unconsciously, as Jake's fingers bunched into El's hips, and he held her close, and their foreheads touched.

The little shit was going to go in for a kiss.

Sure enough, Jake was angling his head down, moving in towards El's lips, and for a moment Mike saw his girl's eyes – not his girl. El's eyes, El's eyes – slowly close, her plump lips, which an hour earlier had been wrapped around his hard dick, part ever so slightly, anticipating the twerp's kiss, when –

When it worked just as Mike had planned it.

El's eyes suddenly popped open, as if she had just remembered something important, and she turned her head away from Jake's abruptly, avoiding his lips at the last possible second.

They both looked embarrassed – Mike could have sworn he saw her lips form the words I'm sorry – before El pulled away completely, and the song ended, and the unhappy couple walked back awkwardly to re-join Lucas and that annoying girlfriend of his.

Mike watched it all, pleased as punch.

He had wanted to cum in her mouth specifically for this reason. So that if she were to kiss that little shit, she'd have to do it knowing it was the same mouth he'd shot his load into an hour before. And Mike knew, he knew there was no way in hell she'd do it. She was too good of a girl, too wracked with that Catholic guilt, to kiss one boy with the taste of another boy's cum still on her lips.

Let her date another guy. Let her try.

/ / /

"Mike...." Cathy giggled. Kathy was pressing soft kisses into the crook of her neck in the backseat of his car, and Cathy held up two pairs of panties. "Come join us back here..."

Mike had never had a threesome before. He'd done a lot of other things, but that was one thing he could honestly say he'd never tried before.

Of course, he was still young.

"Get out of my car."

But it wasn't going to be tonight.

Kathy and Cathy stopped what they were doing, looking at him in shock. "But Mike – "

"Are you deaf?" Mike snapped. "I said, get out of my car. The bonfire is like, 300 yards from here. Just follow the music."

The swim team was throwing an after party in the woods behind Jason Ackerman's house, and Mike could even see the faint orange glow from his car. He was supposed to show his face, with Kathy and Cathy on his arm, but honestly he just couldn't be bothered anymore.

The girls looked at him in annoyed indignation, reluctantly leaving the warm confines of the car.

"Fucking rude," he heard Cathy (or was it Kathy?) grumble loudly as she stumbled out of his car. He didn't stick around to hear her bitch any more than that though, speeding off into the night as soon as they were both out, revving his engine and driving, driving, driving. He didn't even know where to, not until he finally stopped.

He was parked in the empty lot of Modern Miss. El's store. He hadn't driven her there in nearly a month. He didn't know if he ever would again.

It was the middle of the night. The store was closed. There wasn't a car in sight except his.

He caught his reflection in the rearview mirror. He looked like shit. He felt like shit. But he had won, hadn't he? He had fucked her and marked her and she couldn't even kiss her new boyfriend. He should be happy right now. He should be happy.

He punched the GPS screen. Again and again and again and again, so hard it cracked, but Mike hardly felt it.

He cried.

Sitting in the empty parking lot of a dead relationship, where no one could see or hear him, Mike Wheeler cried, alone.

XXXX

A/N: there were some definite over-the-top, cheesy hugh hefner vibes going for mike, walking into the dance with two hot chicks on his arm. i know this is way over the top especially considering that mike is still a teen and lets be real, walking in with two chicks like that is some kind of ridiculous male teen FANTASY rather than an actual reality XD but it served 1) the plot point of making el jealous and

scandalized, and 2) it was sort of me poking fun of the inherent ridiculousness of those poly fics that feature canon teen nerd mike wheeler as the middle of multiple ploy ships - whether he's with will and el, or max and el, he's basically The Man in both those poly relationships, and in those fics, its taken completely seriously by everyone - like seriously? XD if mike with two chicks came off as over-the-top in this, thats my reaction magnified by 10x every time i see these poly fics XD but that's just my opinion. your mileage may vary XD

also, i'm horrible with writing chapter endings. i don't know why, but they are HARD. i just wanted to convey that mike seems all "im living the life, i'm The Man" in public, but in private, he's really losing it. crying in his car outside of el's store - dude is devastated lol.

finally, i hope yall enjoyed the hate sex. i think that's been a request thats popped up a few times.

15. regrets

A/N: follows directly from the last chapter. beware: there's no smut in this chapter. sorry to those looking to get off :P

i had QUITE a bit of trouble writing this. major writer's block, and rethought some of the original scenes/ideas i had in mind, which was why it took me longer to get this out. still not 100% happy with it, but what can you do...

thanks again to Constantius, who helped me troubleshoot some of these scenes. they are way better with plot than me XD this plot heavy arc has confirmed for me that i'll write smut pretty easily but plot can give me quite alot of trouble :(

XXXXXXXXXX

He was sure that the last fucking person she expected to see, standing at her locker, was him.

There was a wariness in her eyes when she looked up at him, where before there was...

What?

Love?

You never deserved it, some part of him said. You're a fuck up. Can you blame her?

He turned the notes over in his hand.

I just don't get it. I'll never pass.

Her eyes had been red and tired. She'd been poring over her textbooks all night.

Don't say that. You're going to ace it. I'll get you my notes from last year, if that'll help.

Her face had brightened. Really?

She'd kissed him.

Thank you, Mike.

The next day she'd handed him her necklace and it was all over.

Showing her up at the dance hadn't helped. Drowning his sorrows in not one, but two blonde rebounds hadn't worked. Stopping her from kissing that dead-eyed Jake cretin hadn't worked. Not even getting in her head and back inside her pussy had worked.

None of that had made him feel better. It had all backfired on him, made him feel more like shit than ever, like some sort of cruel cosmic joke.

His reputation, his petty mind games, his desperate attempts to keep El at bay, to not care, to not give a fuck about her. None of it had worked, and all he was left with at the end of the day was a deep, sickening sadness, a gnawing ache in his heart that he couldn't fix.

Making her jealous wasn't going to work. Sabotaging her relationship with Jake Schwartz wasn't going to work.

She wasn't coming back.

He loved her. He loved her too late.

"Mike – " Her voice was edgy, her body tense, as if she was preparing for him to say or do something cruel. "I don't have anything to say to you – "

"I know." It was so hard. He wanted to scoop her up and kiss the breath out of her, and she'd kiss him back, take him into her arms and hold him. Instead he said, "I just came to give you these."

He placed the notes in her hand.

She looked at him with confusion and skepticism, but accepted the papers anyway.

"My chem notes. I hope they help you ace the test."

He had to let her go.

She turned the papers over and over in her hand, flipping through the pages.

He had to grow up.

When she looked up at him again, there was an emotion in her eyes that he couldn't identify.

Please don't hate me. Please, please.

"I forgot to get them to you before....everything."

I fucked up. I fucked up so bad.

"Sorry. For all of it."

I love you.

"Take care of yourself."

And then he was walking away, and it was over.

It was over.

Goodbye, El.

// /

"Mind if I join you?"

Jake Schwartz didn't wait for an answer, plopping down unceremoniously next to Mike on the grass, his legs splayed out in a half-assed attempt at stretching.

Free time was every Friday in gym, and for the past seven months of the year that they'd shared the period together, Jake had never said more than two words to Mike Wheeler, not until now.

Not until he had started dating Mike's girlfri- had started dating El Ives.

She was never yours, he thought to himself. And now she's someone else's. This prick's.

Mike glanced around the large, open-air quad. The rest of the class had spread out, and there was plenty of room for Jake to do his stretches elsewhere.

He spared a wary look over at Jake, merely grunting in acknowledgement. What was this kid up to? Did he want to gloat? To rub it in Mike's face even more?

"Listen, Mike....I know we don't really hang out or anything, but I was wondering if we could talk."

Mike sighed. Here it comes.

"About El."

Of course.

For a second, Mike wondered if Jake going to ask for his blessing or well wishes or something, like the corny little twerp Mike always thought he was.

"There's nothing to talk about Jake," Mike said. He was going to try and be civil. For El.

"She really likes you." The words were bitter in his mouth, but he kept his face neutral. He was good at that, at pretending to feel things he didn't, and at pretending to not feel things he did.

Mike jumped back on his feet, wanting to end this unwelcome conversation as soon as possible. Walking away from El had hurt more than anything he'd ever done before, and now he had to sit here, and be forced to play nice with the guy she'd replaced him with? "I'm happy for you both. I gotta go."

"But that's just it - " Jake continued, calling after him. "I don't think she does. Like me, that is."

"What?" Mike stopped in his tracks. He glanced over his shoulder at Jake. Why couldn't he just keep walking away, like he knew he

should? Why couldn't he just not care? After all, it was none of his business anymore who El Ives liked or didn't like.

"Well, that's why I wanted to talk to you, Mike," Jake said, striding up to him again. "I um, I kind of wanted your advice."

"Listen, whatever's happening between you and El, is between you and El – "

"Yeah, but you fucked her, right?"

"What?" Mike blinked, taken aback. Jake Schwartz had always acted like a fucking Boy Scout, always respectful and nice to everyone, especially girls. He never catcalled or made lewd jokes in the locker room, and as far as Mike could tell, the kid had never even had a girlfriend before. He didn't know why Jake was so interested in El's sex life all the sudden, and frankly, the question rubbed him the wrong way. "I really don't think that's any of your fucking business."

"Come on, Mike, you don't have to play it sly with me," Jake retorted without missing a beat.

Was the kid fucking serious? He was actually grinning up at Mike, the biggest shit-eating grin Mike had ever seen. "Everyone knows you broke her in and turned her out – "

"What did you say – " Mike growled, his fists clenching in anger. But Jake continued on, oblivious.

"Look, all I'm asking for is a bit of your advice. I've tried everything man, being nice to her, giving her tons of compliments, paying for her ticket to the Spring Fling. I've even taken her on a few dates – paid for everything – and she still won't give it up. I couldn't even get a kiss from her at the dance." Jake sighed, sounding disappointed.

Mike stared at him, incredulous, as it finally dawned on him why Jake had wanted to talk to him so badly.

"I just – I wanna know what I'm doing wrong. Everyone knows she's a huge slut. What's a guy gotta do to at least get a beej? I figured, you could give me some pointers, maybe? The whole school knows you got her to put out big time - "

Jake didn't continue. Mike realized that this was because his fist had slammed into Jake's teeth. "What did you call her? What the fuck did you call her?"

Jake put his hands up over his face. Mike kept pummeling into him over, and over, and over.

It felt good.

It felt really good.

"Mike! Mike!"

"Mike – what's going on - "

"Wheeler – calm down – Wheeler! Get off of him!"

In the end, it had taken three people, including the track coach, to pull him off of Jake Schwartz. His hand throbbed and stung like hell, but he hardly felt it.

"Get your ass into my office – " Coach barked at him, "Now!"

Mike was already walking away, but not towards Coach's office. Instead, he went in the opposite direction, towards his car.

Fuck this shit. He was so fucking done.

"Wheeler – where are you going?" Coach called after him. "You're suspended from the team – ! Do you hear me?"

But Mike hadn't heard him.. All he could think about was that he'd lost El to a guy like this. And he couldn't do shit about it but kick Jake's ass, and all El would know about it was that Mike Wheeler had attacked her new boyfriend. Make her hate him even more.

Coach was still yelling after him, but Mike didn't turn around or stop walking. He reached his car and revved the engine, and then he was gone.

///

El's stomach lurched a little bit as she walked into the dining hall.

Even after all this time, she still wasn't quite used to being around so many people, and so much activity and noise. The social worker they'd sent her to, after she was finally freed from the captivity Papa'd kept her in, told her she had hypervigilant symptoms due to the trauma of her childhood, which caused her to feel anxious and on edge if she was in crowded and noisy places.

Thankfully, she'd made quick friends with Max, and they shared lunch period for the whole year. It helped, having someone around that she could talk to, take her mind off the chaotic bustle and distract her.

Unfortunately, Max had been confined to her dormitory for the past two days, coming down off of a sudden fever.

El had never been popular at school, and she didn't have every many friends. Not ones that would sit with her at lunch period, anyway.

The lunch lady had plopped a sad, soggy looking turkey sandwich down on her tray, and then El had to decide where to sit in the large, airy cafeteria.

Everywhere she looked, students were grouped together, talking, laughing. It made El feel even more alone.

Screw it, she thought, I'll just go eat back in my room.

El made a sharp turn, tray still in hand, headed towards the exit. She was almost there when Stacey Albright suddenly appeared, stepping in right between her and the door.

"Where do you think you're going, freak?"

El's grip on the tray tightened, but she tried to keep her voice civil. "Scuse me, Stacey – "

El tried to step around her, but Stacey just moved to block her, again. "Not so fast."

It was then that El noticed the other girls. There must have been at

least three or four of them, besides Stacey herself. They'd come in from the sides and even behind El, circling in on her.

El's eyes went from girl to girl. There was Jennifer Hayes, Stacey's best friend and her living shadow, and Cathy and Kathy, the two girls that Mike had taken to the dance, and Elizabeth, and Madison. All girls that El knew had, or been rumored to have had, been involved with Mike.

"What's going on?"

"I don't know, El. You tell us. Ever since you came to this school, Mike Wheeler hasn't given any of us the time of day."

"You know, at first I thought it was funny," one of the girls – Madison – said. "Like, gross, but funny."

"Right – like some sort of sick fetish," Jennifer Hayes agreed. "White trash pussy, or whatever."

"Leave me alone," El said, her voice low and angry. "I-I'm not even seeing Mike anymore. Okay?"

That didn't seem to do anything to appease the group however, and they stayed where they were, not letting El pass.

She was so tired of this shit. She couldn't win when she was seeing Mike, and she couldn't win when she wasn't, either.

They'd always hate her at this stupid school, no matter what.

"You ruined him!" One of the C/Kathy's accused. "All he does now is mope and cry. Over you. He won't give any of us the time of day!"

I haven't been seeing Stacey or anyone else.

"H-He didn't give me the time of day, either – okay?" El said, sounding more sure than she was starting to feel. Whatever Mike had said, whatever he had insisted, El knew actions spoke louder than words.

I'm not interested in any other girl except you. Do I have to say it out

loud?

"Bullshit!" Jennifer seethed. "Ever since you came on the scene, he's been acting different."

"And he still acts different!" Madison added. "He's never treated any of us this way."

El, please...

"He took you home for Christmas," Stacey said, and El thought she almost sounded hurt.

"Introduced you to his family. I haven't even seen the inside of his car!"

I love you.

"I – I..." Their words washed over her. Everything Mike had insisted, everything that she didn't believe. Except this time it wasn't coming from his mouth, but from her enemies, her bullies.

And his behavior after the dance. The chem notes. He had been so nice. He had kept his word, and he hadn't been cruel or deceitful. He hadn't asked for anything in return, and he had left her alone, just like she'd wanted.

Except...except it wasn't what she wanted.

"Get out of my way."

She wanted him. She would always want him.

"Make me." Stacey snarled, not moving.

"Stacey...I'm sorry." El brokered gently. The other girl's face twisted into a smug smile, extracting some meaningless victory from El's apology.

"...I'm sorry that I'm so much better than you," El finished. "And that Mike never wanted you, only me."

Stacey and the rest of the girls looked on, mouths agape.

El didn't have any more time to waste on them.

She dumped her tray onto Stacey's lap, the soggy contents spilling onto her pristine pleated skirt, and shoved past her.

She had to get back to Mike.

XXXXXX

A/N: had to make el finally stand up for herself with those bullying girls. get her self-confidence up, and properly tell them off (which i know alot of you have requested to see also).

for those of you that guessed jake isn't the all-american nice boy scout he seems, you were right. i DID model him after jacob sartorius for a reason and that should've clued you in XD just a horndog in sheep's clothing, that one...

originally was gonna try and include the mileven reunion and be done with this arc (finally) but i ran into so much writer's block i figured i'd just put this out first and foremost. all that is left to write is the mileven reunion, which will (naturally) have alot of smut in it. and then i'm gonna take a bit of a break from this fic. work on my other mileven fic milk & honey. i'm thinking my next idea might be el as a webcam girl that nerdy virgin mike pays to do stuff with, but inevitably ends up falling in love with her? who knows. thanks for sticking with me this far XD

i have a tumblr where i'll be posting outlines of new plot ideas, headcanons, answering asks, maybe some snippets here and there of writing that is too short to upload as a full fledged fic, aesthetic stuff that's inspired by my fics, anything that tickles my mileven fancy. i have already posted a long outline of my webcam AU idea. readers and mileven shippers welcome:

blog/thottie-dottie

16. belonging

A/N: set right after the last chapter. this concludes the "break up" arc :)

hello dear readers! i bet you thought you'd seen the last of me ;)

well first off, thank you for your patience. i have to admit, i hit MAJOR writer's block writing the conclusion of this arc. it used to be a joy to write this fic, but this chapter was nothing but a pain. even the smut was hard for some reason. i'm not entirely 100% happy with it, but i was at the point that i was so sick of it i just wanted to get it out there and be done with it. i hope its adequate and you can derive some enjoyment from reading.

XXXXXXXX

When she'd shown up on his doorstep, he hadn't known what to expect.

She hadn't been to his dormitory hall in what felt like forever. In reality, it'd probably been just a few weeks. Still, it felt like a lifetime.

"El – " He couldn't hide the surprise in his voice. "What are you doing here?"

"Can I come in?" She bit her lip and nervously tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. "I want to – I need to talk to you." Despite the certainty of her words, she seemed unsure and shy.

"Um, yeah, sure," he acquiesced, stepping aside awkwardly to let her in and shutting the door behind her.

And then they were alone. Behind closed (and locked) doors.

He wanted to rush her. Kiss her hard and rip the clothes right off of her.

Instead, he clenched his fists and sighed. He knew what this was about. And it wasn't about him.

Jake.

Of course she had heard. Of course she would want to defend her new boyfriend, even if the thought made him sick. Jake Schwartz didn't deserve El.

But then again, neither did he.

"Listen, El - I don't know what you heard - " he started.

"Mike, I'm sorry – " El began at almost exactly the same time.

" - but Jake got what was coming to him... " he trailed off, the words dying in his mouth as his brain processed what El had just said.

"You're – sorry?" Maybe he'd heard her wrong. He had been prepared for El to scream at him, tell him off for hurting Jake, confirm that she hated him. Instead she was...apologizing.

"What are you talking about?" He didn't want to hope. It was over, he hadn't deserved her, and he needed to accept it. "You don't have anything to be sorry for."

"Yes, I do." El looked down at her shoes, remorseful. "Everything you said, Mike. About...about not being interested in other girls. Stacey Albright said it was all true. She said ever since I came to this school, you've been acting different. That all you think about is me. And... and that's what you told me that day. But I didn't believe you." El took a step towards him. "I'm sorry," she said again.

"El, listen - "

"No. You listen." She interrupted, her voice clear and sure. "I made a mistake, Mike. I...I miss you. I want you." The vulnerability returned to her voice. "Do you...still want me?"

His fists were clenched at his sides, so hard he was sure his fingernails were digging bloody marks into the palm of his hand. It was selfish, but of course he wanted her. Had never stopped wanting her. It was taking all of his self-restraint to keep from kissing the breath out of her right then and there, from burying his face deep in the warm center between her thighs and eat her out until she cried.

"Yes," he said. "I still want you."

"Then have me," she said simply, stepping back and parting her thighs so subtly Mike almost didn't notice.

Almost.

What was left of his self-control flew out the window. All of the pretext, all of the bullshit, all of the things he had been trying to tell himself, to convince himself, to move on. All of it was gone in an instant.

"Mike...." she breathed, "I love you."

In two strides he was on her, wrapping her up in his arms and pressing hard, bruising kisses to her lips.

She tasted like home.

"I love you too, El," he said it like a prayer. "I love you."

And then they were kissing like there was no tomorrow. Like they had never stopped.

"Jake," she said absently as he pressed her against him. "Did you say something about Jake...?"

At the mention of the twerp's name, his grip on her tightened. "Did you let him touch you?"

"No..." she said, shaking her head. "I tried. I tried...so I could forget you," she confessed. "But I couldn't bring myself to....not ever." She looked into his eyes, and he knew she was telling the truth. "I'm yours, Mike. Only yours."

"Only mine," he growled, nipping at her possessively. His fists bunched into her white blouse, tearing it down the middle, freeing El's breasts. She hadn't been wearing a bra.

She shivered underneath his touch. "Mike," she whined. "Touch me, Mike."

He didn't argue, pulling the blouse down her shoulders and discarding it unceremoniously on the floor. Next to go was her skirt, which he ripped down her legs. He kept her thigh highs on. She hadn't been wearing any panties, and her pussy was already glistening and wet, so ready for him.

"You wanted this, didn't you?" his hand was at her throat, and he could feel her pulse quicken underneath his touch. "You came here without any underwear on because you wanted me to fuck you."

"Yes," she breathed, barely a whisper. "I want you to fuck me so bad. Fuck me, Mike."

"I'm not sure you deserve it," his tone darkened. "You've been a bad girl, El. You hurt me."

"I know. P-Punish me, Mike." El bit her lip, and made that little whimpering sound he missed so much. It made his cock twitch in anticipation. "Please," she begged. "Punish me."

"As you wish," he said, and ordered her to get on his bed. El obediently climbed on top of the sheets, trembling and naked except for the white thigh highs that framed her creamy skin and pretty pink pussy.

"Get on your back, and spread your legs."

El nodded, splaying her legs and opening her thighs. She hooked an arm under each leg, keeping herself spread wide open just for him. Her pussy looked wet and slick, and he hadn't even touched her yet.

Mike joined her, still fully clothed, and positioned himself between her spread eagle legs. His hands went to his belt buckle where he loosened the expensive leather belt, resting the end over El's clit. Instead of undoing his pants the rest of the way so that he could push his cock into her, however, Mike grabbed both of her tiny wrists in one hand, while the other worked the leather belt around them. In a flash, her wrists were bound together, and then he hooked the belt to the bedpost. El wriggled helplessly underneath him, her arms bound over her head and tied to the bed frame.

"You still remember our safe word, El?" he asked, wanting to make sure.

"Yes," she nodded. "I do. D-Don't stop, Mike. I want more."

"You want more?"

"Yes...." El bit her lip shyly. "I want your cock. Please... stretch me out, Mike."

"But you've been a bad girl, El." He frowned. "You're going to have to wait this time."

Mike slowly got out of the rest of his clothes while El wriggled and whined softly, tied and bound on his bed. He carefully unbuttoned his white Oxford shirt and then shrugged out of his neatly pressed pants. The last to go were his boxer briefs, freeing his straining cock out of its confines, the tip already leaking pre-cum. He pressed the head over her swollen clit, and El responded by bucking her hips up at him, trying to get her pussy over his cock. Mike chuckled at her enthusiasm.

"Not yet," he scolded, pulling away. "I said you're going to have to wait."

El's disappointed whines turned into cries of surprise when Mike suddenly pushed her thighs apart as far as they would go, burying his face in her sweet wet cunt. He fisted his aching cock as he ate her out.

"Fuck, I missed how you taste..." he said, sucking on her clit and burying two fingers deep inside her. His tongue lapped around and around her little nub as he fucked her with his fingers. His digits made wet sucking noises as he pumped them into her over and over again, and already he could feel her begin to tighten around his fingers, just like he would make her tighten around his cock later.

"Mike!" she sobbed. "Mike, fuck... I-I think ... I-I'm going to cum - !"

"Already?" And just like that, Mike's fingers and mouth were gone. El hissed in frustration, but she was helpless to do anything but twist uselessly against the leather belt.

"I can't have you cumming too quickly, El. You're gonna cum when I want you to cum, and only when I want you to cum. Understand?"

El mewled and nodded, but it wasn't enough. Anger flashed in his eyes, and he fisted one of her breasts roughly, squeezing it painfully in his hand. "I said, do you understand?"

"Ah -! Yes, Mike, I-I understand!"

"Good." He released his grip on her breast, the ghost of his handprint red on the soft mound of her breast. He nudged his cock against her little pink nipple, rubbing the tip back and forth across her areola until it hardened and puckered. Then he grinned down at her. "You like that, huh? My dick on your tits?"

"Y-Yes, Mike. I love it."

"Tell me what you want me to do," he said, as he slapped his cock lightly against the fat mound, making it jiggle and bounce.

El seemed to get the hint, looking down as he played with her tits. "I want you to...titfuck me. Please. Fuck my tits, Mike."

"You see how generous I'm being?" he said as he positioned his hard cock in between her breasts. "I'm gonna give you what you want even though you don't deserve it. Even though you've been a bad girl."

He reached over to untie her from the bed post.

For a moment, El looked hopeful, but all he did was push her still-bound wrists over her breasts, looking down at her expectantly.

"Well? You don't expect me to do all of the work, do you?" As if to show her what he meant, Mike used El's forearms to push her tits together over his cock, and then he began thrusting. El bit her lip, finally understanding, and used her bound wrists to push her own tits together while Mike fucked them.

"God that looks so good....your wrists all tied up resting on your big tits, forced to squeeze them together over my cock. Do you love my cock, El?"

"Yes," El nodded eagerly. "I love your cock, Mike. I love it so much I wish your cock could fuck me in all my holes at the same time."

"I wish I could too...." Mike grunted as El stuck her tongue out, licking the tip of his cock every time it poked out from between her ample breasts, "I wish I could fill you with cock. That's what your body was made to do – take my cock."

"M-Mike?" El looked up at him with big doe eyes, almost shy. "We could..." Her eyes darted to her book bag on the floor. "I brought...."

Mike paused, pulling back. Did she mean... "Mike, Jr.? You still have him?"

El nodded, blushing. He thought it was cute that she was acting shy when he'd been fucking her tits for the last few minutes.

"Yes...I used him, sometimes, when we were broken up. When I missed you."

Mike grinned, pecking her softly on the lips before jumping up eagerly to grab the glass dildo that was modeled after his own cock. "God I knew you were always such a slut for me. And bringing the dildo here with you....this was your plan all along, wasn't it? To seduce me and get both of your holes stretched out at the same time. Admit it."

Mike undid the belt over her wrists, only to flip El over onto her stomach. "Admit it, cockslut." He whacked her big, jiggling ass with the belt and she yelped.

"Ah! Yes! I'm a slut for your cock, Mike," she continued to keel while he tied up her wrists again, this time behind her back. "I brought Mike Jr. because I knew I was going to get you to fuck me with it, one way or the other. I want both my holes to be filled up with your cock so bad, I can't stand it. P-please put it in me and then fuck my other hole. Please!"

"Alright El," Mike said. He reached into his nightstand and said a silent thank you to the universe that the bottle of lube in there was still half-full. "You beg me so fucking good... I'll give you what you

want."

He upturned the bottle right over her puckering asshole, until it was slick and shiny and slippery. Then he slowly pushed the glass dildo into her ass, watching in amazement as El's little asshole opened and stretched to take it all in. El was pressing her face into the mattress, moaning and keening as the dildo slid in deeper inch by agonizing inch. Mike didn't stop until it was fully hilted inside her round ass, and then he took his cock and lined it up against her pussy, amazed that it was as slippery and wet as her asshole and he hadn't put any lube on it.

Mike started to slide his cock home, and El's moans turned into cries. "Oh fuck, Mike! It's so – I'm so – full! I've got two cocks inside me, Mike, and they're both yours – ah!"

Mike's grip on El's hip tightened involuntarily, digging into the soft flesh. He was trying to keep himself from exploding right then and there, barely halfway into her cunt. She was so fucking tight, tighter even than when he had taken her virginity. He didn't think it was fucking possible, but the sizeable glass dildo in her asshole was pressing on her tight cunt, making it even smaller and squeezing the cum right out of his cock. Even though she was wet and slippery as fuck all, Mike grunted a few times with the effort of forcing his cock deeper. It felt so fucking amazing, like her pussy was two sizes too small for his cock but somehow she was taking it all, and he watched as his cock disappeared into her with the glass dildo still plugged deep into her ass, keeping her asshole stretched and taut.

Mike started to thrust, ramming himself into her over and over again as her plugged-up ass bounced against his stomach. She was so fucking tight around his cock he was amazed each time to find that he was still able to force his way back inside her abused pussy. El, for her part, took it all like a champ, getting both holes fucked simultaneously for the first time. Each time he slammed into her, she would make a small whimpering noise, her fists clenching and straining against the belt that kept them bound helplessly behind her back.

"I can't believe your tiny body can take so much cock, El. Your little pussy is milking my cock. You like your punishment?"

"Yes, Mike," El replied without hesitation. "I'm so full of cock. It hurts so good. I love it when you punish both my holes."

"Take your punishment, El," he snarled, pounding into her sloppily, his balls making a wet slap! slap! slap! sound as they smacked against her pussy lips, "Fucking take it, take it, take it, slut. My slut...fuck -!"

Mike pulled out abruptly, two seconds from cumming. He didn't want to finish just yet. He had one more hole to fuck.

Underneath him, El whined at the loss and clenched her thighs together, the white thigh highs framing her golden skin. "Mike...." She keened pitifully, wriggling her round ass in the air, the glass dildo still plugged in deep. Her wrists strained against the belt, her arms pinned behind her back uselessly.

"Be quiet," Mike growled. "Or I'll gag you with my tie."

El bit her lip and pressed her face against the mattress demurely as Mike slowly pulled the dildo out of her. Even after it was out, El's pretty pink rosebud stayed open and gaping, having gotten used to the shape of the glass replica of his cock. It was easy slipping the real thing in its place. Mike pushed in and sheathed his full length inside her warm, tight ass in one swift stroke. El nearly cried out, but, remembering his threat, bit down on the sheets instead.

Mike sighed contentedly, his eyes rolling back into his head, lost in the feel of her. "I missed fucking your ass, El. You miss my cock inside your ass?"

"Mmmph!" El nodded, still biting down on the sheets to keep from crying out. She was such a good girl for him.

Mike reached down and slapped a hand over her ass, hard, as he started to fuck her asshole. "I can't believe you just took two cocks at the same time and now you're letting yourself get fucked in the ass after your pussy got fucked."

"I'd let you fuck me anywhere, Mike. Anytime!"

Mike was stroking in hard and deep, feeling himself already on the edge again. He was fucking her ass right into the mattress, with such

force that it forced El's knees down and she collapsed flush on the bed, Mike falling on top of her, pounding into her tight, plump ass the whole time. El's body shook with the force of his thrusts, her hands still squeezed behind her back, and all she could do was cry and take it, over and over again.

"Anywhere, huh? Anytime?" he whispered raggedly into her ear, his hot breath fanning down her neck, his bare chest pressed hot against her back.

"Y-Yes. Anywhere you want it, Mike. Anytime you want to fuck me – it doesn't matter where – in your car, or on the street, or in class – just bend me over and fuck me. My pussy is yours, Mike. You can have it whenever you want!"

"That's right – you're mine. You're pussy is mine. You're mouth, your asshole, and your tits are mine. And you've been very naughty these past few weeks, forgetting that. That's why I have to punish your asshole." He began to pick up speed, slamming his cock into her furiously, ready to lose control. Her asshole felt so good sliding up and down his cock.

"Punish my asshole, Mike," El urged him on, sensing how close he was. "Fucking punish my asshole, please, stretch it out and fill it with cum!"

"El, oh God, El - !" His balls twitched and then he was spurting hot ropes of cum into her ass. He felt it all the way down his dick and into his ballsack, the spread of pleasure fanning over his hips and all the way down to his toes. He was dimly aware that he was still ramming into her forcefully, pressing El's tiny body deep into the mattress each time, spilling so much cum into her asshole that some of it began leaking out and dripping down onto his balls.

Mike pulled out, just to see how much there really was. "Put your hands on your ass," he ordered, "And spread your ass cheeks apart and then squeeze my cum out your asshole. I want to see."

El obeyed, carefully snaking her bound wrists over her ass cheeks. She could only spread them apart so much, as her hands were still tied together, but it was good enough, and globs and globs of gooeey

white cum began to spill out of her asshole. There was so much of it that it fell down onto her pussy and then her thighs, soiling her thigh highs with his semen.

Finally satisfied, Mike collapsed onto his back next to El, reaching over to loosen the leather belt over her wrists. El turned over to face him, rubbing at her sore wrists, and Mike grabbed them, kissing over the fresh bruising softly.

"El," he said, and for the first time it came easy, because he knew he meant it. "I love you."

"I love you too, Mike." She stroked his cheek and kissed him, her lips parting as sweetly as her thighs did for him.

"And – I'm sorry, too," he said against her lips. He brushed a lock of hair away from her face, and looked into her eyes. All of her love shone in them.

"Mike," she said, "Put your necklace back on me."

Mike didn't have to think about where it was. He'd thought about pawning it, or giving it away, or throwing it in the river, but deep down he knew he'd always hold onto it, waiting for El. Mike had kept it in its original velvet jewelry box, tucked away in his safe. It was the only thing in there, aside from his passport and a letter from his Nana that'd been given to him after she'd passed away.

"Here," Mike said, slipping the necklace over El and fastening the clasp. "This belongs to you. It'll always belong to you."

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A/N: obviously, when mike says "it'll always belong to you" - he's also really talking about his own heart, too.

i wanted to have them both acknowledge that they both fucked up. i didn't want it to just be one or the other that says sorry. i realized i could have expanded more on an actual reconciliation conversation, where they spend more time admitting wrongs and vowing to do better blah blah blah, but honestly, that's not my strong suit in writing, and it can go into cheesy, cliché "everyone learns their

lessons suddenly and is perfect" territory. so i just stuck with something simple. they both said sorry, the rest is implied through their action (and their action in future chapter(s)). sorry if there seemed to be a bit of an abrupt tonal shift from kinky sex to the love stuff. as i've said before, it's not my strong suit, hence my choice to keep it short and simple.

i confess that i no longer enjoy writing this fic like i used to. i will probably be taking a break from this fic for awhile. like two or three months. this won't be the last chapter, but i may not do another arc. i may just come back with one last chapter, an epilogue set in the future. i'll leave the setting/time open to readers' suggestions. where do you guys want me to pick up with mileven in this fic in their future? would you like to see a snippet of their college years? honeymoon/wedding night? marriage with young babies? older with teen kids? let me know in the comments and as always, thanks for reading.